

## EVADING DUTIES.

### ODD AND INGENUOUS DEVICES USED BY SMUGGLERS.

A Bogus Minister Who Carried a Bible Full of Watches and a Load of Bread That Was Filled With Cigars.

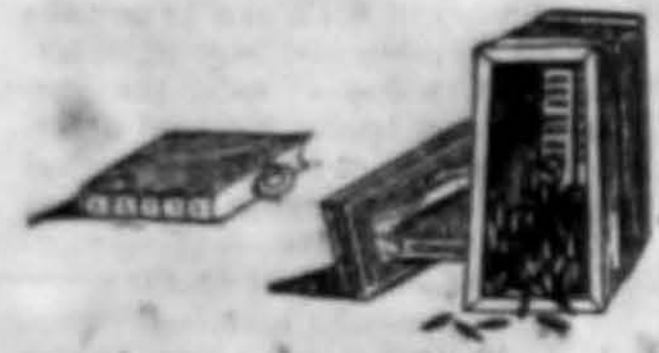
DEVICES which smugglers have resorted to in order to pass the Custom House inspectors are quite as ingenious, says the New York World, as those of criminals seeking to escape from jail. Mechanical appliances of all kinds



HOLLOW LOAF AND DOUBLE CAN.

have been invented in which to conceal contraband articles.

One of the most remarkable of these is a little hollowed out inside so that a number of valuable watches could be concealed among the leaves. This was carried under the arm by a solemn-

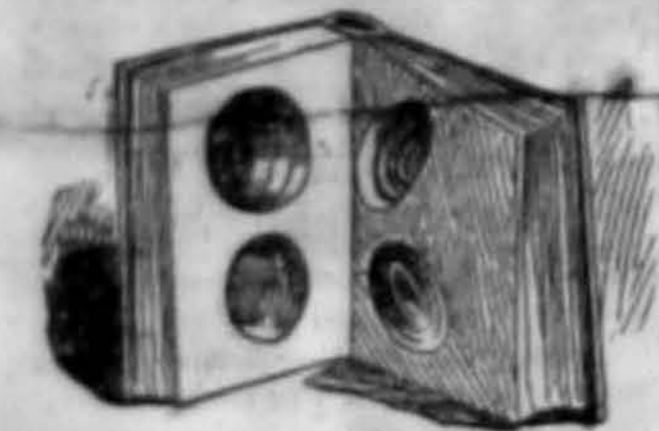


BIBLE AND CONCERTINA FOR SMUGGLING.

visaged and reverend-looking gentleman with white whiskers.

He took passage on a Channel steamer for England, and was noted among his fellow-passengers for the care and attachment he displayed towards the holy book. The man turned out to be a notorious smuggler, who in a small way had for years been defrauding the revenue by bringing in articles supposed to pay duty.

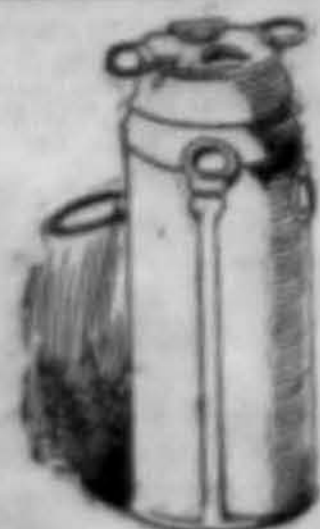
Several loaves of bread hollowed out inside so as to contain cigars have also



FOR SMUGGLING WATCHES.

lately been seized and from the same gang of smugglers was taken a concertina filled with choice Havana cigars, upon which a high duty would have had to be paid if brought in in the ordinary way.

Another equally bold attempt to pass the customs inspectors was made by a handsome woman who expressed great indignation when it was proposed to search her person. She said that she had been insulted, but the officials had reason to suspect her.



CAN TO TOW OVERBOARD.

When her corset was taken off by one of the women inspectors it was found to contain numerous pockets filled with contraband goods. This article of attire now reposes in a curious little collection of smugglers' devices which is constantly being added to.



DOG WITH AN ALL-BRONZE POCKET.

One of these appliances, which is believed to have done much duty in the hands of smugglers, is a can with numerous rings, made to tow over-

board from the stern of a steamer. It was water-tight and contained a large quantity of cigars when captured.

An oil can with a chamber to contain brandy was also taken from one of the engineers of an incoming steamer. Perhaps one of the boldest of these devices was a bogus log of wood, or rather a log which had been hollowed out and was found kicking about harmlessly on the deck of a steamer. It was closely packed with cigars.

Imitation lumps of coal have also been made for this purpose, and these, painted black, have been almost impossible of detection. It was a good joke on the smugglers, however, when one of these got lost in a load of coal, and the fine cigars which it contained ultimately went up in smoke through the furnace of the steamer.

### An Electric Needle.

The electric needle is simply a fine needle connected with one of the poles of an electric battery. When used it is inserted in the flesh, a second needle, attached to the other pole, is brought near to the first on the outside of the flesh and the electric current turned on. The current enters the flesh on the first needle and passes through the flesh to the second needle, burning with the electric spark that part of the flesh through which the current passes. The needle is used for removing hair from the face of women; it removes the hair and burns the roots out without much pain at the time, but it is apt to injure the skin finally, and in the case of sensitive persons has produced immediate bad results.—New York Dispatch.

### General Gourko.

General Gourko, the well-known Russian officer, has resigned as Military Governor of the city of Warsaw.



It is stated that the reason for this action is because General Gourko, who was one of the military heroes of the Russo-Turkish War, is not in harmony with the pacificatory policy of the new Czar.

### Don't Fold Your Arms.

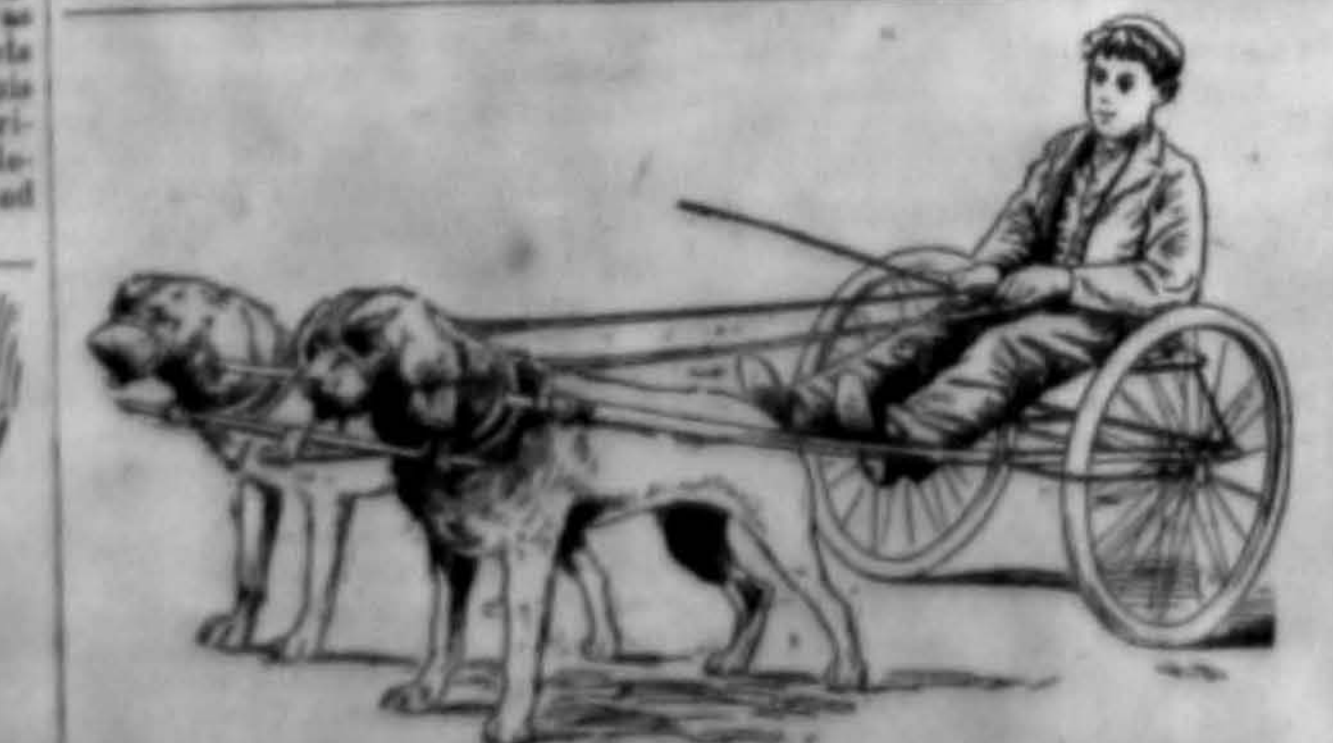
One careful mother teaches her children never to fold their arms across their chests. She says it must of necessity tend to contract what should, on the contrary, have everything done to broaden it, says an exchange. Instead of this common practice she insists that the growing children shall, in standing, contract the habit of crossing the arms behind the back, alleging that as much good will come from this habit as harm from the other.—New York World.

### The First Stoves.

Perhaps the first stoves made in this country were cast at Lancaster, Penn., after the people of that region had learned that the winter of the thirty-ninth parallel is not to be treated as the European winter of considerably higher latitudes. Fifty years ago the plates of these old stoves were still used for outside doorsteps and the like.—Chicago Herald.

### Celebrated Team of Trotting Dogs.

The accompanying illustration, says the Chicago Times, is from an excellent photograph of the trotting dog Major and his running mate Bob, owned by Master Tommy Turner, of Brantford, Ont., who also appears in the picture. Major, who is considered one of the best trotting dogs in the country, was bought for fifty cents, but his owner has just refused \$200 for him. He has been in about forty races, matched against ponies, roadsters, running dogs,



and foot runners, and has taken first money in all but two of them, getting second place in those. Major's principal race was at the Six Nations Indians' fall fair, where he left six of the fastest Indian foot-runners from 200 to 300 yards behind in a half mile, doing the distance in 1.24. He is a square trotter and was never known to break. His owner is willing to match his team against any trotting dog with a running mate in the country. Bob is a year-

### Mrs. Lease in California.

Mrs. Mary Lease, the Kansas Populist and orator, is in California, and it she follows out her present plans she will soon become a resident of a Scandinavian colony near Fresno. She owns twenty acres and will buy more.



MARY A. LEASE.

plant the whole to raising grapes, and build a good house. She says she is weary of politics and wants to get rest where she can look out on the mountains. She can get neither rest nor mountain scenery in Kansas, so she comes to California.

### The New National Library.

The plans of Librarian Spofford and Superintendent Greeb, of the new Congressional Library building, at Washington, include an ingenious device for supplying books to the Capitol. They expect to meet the demands of Senators and members of the House for literature from the Nation's vast store through an underground conduit constructed between the two buildings.

At present the books are obtained by personal application to an assistant librarian. The new library building is only about 200 yards from the Capitol buildings, and it is believed that the obstacle of distance can be overcome by the construction of an underground passageway and the use of a pulley with an ingenious car, which has been invented specially for this purpose.

The new work on engineering Professor Warren discusses the "fatigue" of metals—a striking term used to denote their loss of power of resistance under the effect of jolts and strains so small that no single one of them seems to have any effect at all.

Professor Lockyear points out that the great temple of Amen-Ra at Karnak, was built so that at sunset on the longest day of the year the sun would shine completely through its central gallery. It was a sun temple, and this method of "orientation," as it is called in ancient architecture, undoubtedly originated, as did all astronomy, in worship of the sun and other heavenly bodies.

### An Interrupted Conversation.



### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A German chemist is extracting sugar from cotton seed meal.

There are about 525 species of spiders at present known in the British Isles.

A lighthouse lens of the first order costs as much as \$8000. Such a lens is six feet in diameter.

Camille Flammarion claims that the star of Bethlehem was Venus at the time of its greatest splendor.

There is a high scientific authority for the belief that diamonds are the result of the slow decomposition of vegetable matter.

It is believed by microscopists that the highest powers of their instruments have not yet received the most minute forms of animal life.

The rudder of the Cunard steamship Campania consists of a single plate of steel twenty-two by eleven feet, six inches and one and a quarter inches thick. It was rolled at Krupp's German gun factory.

The Campania and Lucania consume 600 tons of coal daily when driven to their utmost speed. This is equivalent to a consumption of a little over 900 pounds of coal per minute, or twenty-five tons an hour.

A Manchester (England) man carries on his person a complete pick-pocket alarm system. Removal of his watch, pin or other jewelry causes the ringing of the bell. The electric plant weighs twenty-two ounces.

After repeated experiments German army officers have reported the bicyclette unsuited to the service on the ground that it should only be used to replace mounted military messengers when good roads are available.

The greatest cold experienced by Parry in his Arctic explorations was fifty-two degrees below zero. Stuart Jenkins, a Canadian surveyor, writes in the Popular Science Monthly that he has undergone sixty-two degrees below zero in the open air without being rendered very uncomfortable by it.

Lamps shown in store windows at night are sometimes illuminated for purposes of display with an incandescent electric light in place of oil. Such a light shows lamp and shade to the best advantage, and there is no fear, as might be the case with a wick left unattended, that it will burn too high or too low.

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### Yawning as a Remedy.

Yawning, though contrary to the canons of good society, is undoubtedly very beneficial to the individual. Muscles are brought into play during a good yawn which otherwise would never obtain any exercise at all, and its value as a sort of natural massage is considerable. The muscles which move the lower jaw and the breathing muscles of the chest are the first ones used during the process of yawning, then the tongue is rounded and arched, the palate tightly stretched, and the uvula raised. The eyes generally close tightly towards the termination of the yawn, the ears are raised slightly and the nostrils dilated. The crack sometimes heard in the ear proves that the eardrum membranes are also stretched and exercised, something impossible by any process but a yawn. It has recently been recommended by some doctors that sufferers from nasal catarrh should make a practice of yawning six or seven times a day and good results will follow. It is also considered valuable in inflammation of the palate, sore throat and carache. New York Herald.

### In Cases of Croup.

A standard medical authority says that the first thing to do for the child is to put his feet into as hot mustard water as he can bear, and be sure that the room is very warm. If possible, put him into a hot bath, and then quickly drying him, put him in bed between blankets. Even before putting him in bed give him sirup of ipecac in teaspoonful doses until he vomits. For external applications take two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, and four tablespoonfuls of goose oil, or sweet oil, or lard oil, mix well, and rub thoroughly on the outside of the throat. Saturate a flannel and lay it over the chest and throat. Hot bricks, or bottles filled with hot water, should be placed at the child's feet and at the sides of his body to induce perspiration. Keep them carefully covered. After the vomiting the bowels must be kept open with sirup of squilla. The best drink for the child is slippery elm water. Give plenty of nourishment to keep up the strength.

## MY WIFE'S NERVES.

Are weak and she suffers terribly from nervousness, headache and loss of sleep. Such is the testimony of many a man. The poor, tired woman is suffering from impure and impoverished blood. Her food does not digest. She is living on her nerves, her strength is gone. Her nerves and muscles

## NEED STRENGTHENING

By the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla which makes pure, rich blood, creates an appetite, and gives tone to all the organs of the body. This is not what we say, it is what Hood's Sarsaparilla does. "My wife began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla about three months ago. She has been in poor health for 15 years. Hood's is doing her good. Her appetite is better, she looks better and there has been improvement in every way." J. W. ROSS, Greenfield, Tennessee.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Be Sure to get **Cures**  
Hood's

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

### Improved Revolver.

The new German revolver is not really a revolver at all, but it is a wonderful repeating pistol all the same. All you have to do is to drop eight cartridges into a magazine in the stock and then pull the trigger as often as you want to shoot until the ammunition is exhausted. The recoil of the shot when the pistol is first fired sets in motion mechanism which ejects the shell just fired, brings up a new one to the barrel, cocks the pistol, and locks the movable parts. Another touch on the trigger repeats the operation, and the eight charges have been fired in two seconds.

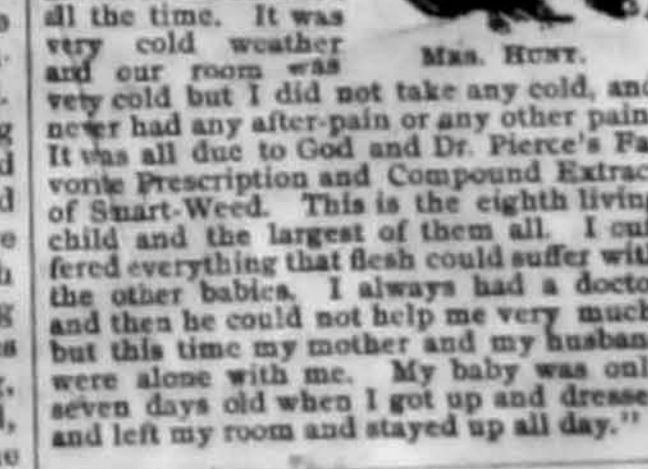


DO YOU EXPECT To Become a Mother? If so, then permit us to say that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed, a true "Mother's Friend." FORGET MAKES Childbirth Easy by preparing a system for parturition.

tion, thus assisting Nature and shortening "Labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

Send for a large Book (108 pages), containing full particulars. Address: WORLD'S FAIR, St. Louis, Mo.

**PAINLESS CHILD BIRTH.** Mrs. FRED HUNT, of Glenville, N. Y., says: "I read about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription being so good for a woman with child, so I got two bottles last September, and December 13th I had a twelve pound baby girl. When I was confined I was not sick in any way. I did not suffer any pain, and when the child was born I walked into another room and went to bed. I kept my Extract of Smart-Weed on hand all the time. It was very cold weather and our room was very cold but I did not take any cold, and never had any after-pain or any other pain. It was all due to God and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. This is the eighth living child and the largest of them all. I suffered everything that flesh could suffer with the other babies. I always had a doctor and then he could not help me very much, but this time my mother and my husband were alone with me. My baby was only seven days old when I got up and dressed and left my room and stayed up all day."



## WORLD'S FAIR HIGHEST AWARD!

"SUPERIOR NUTRITION - THE LIFE" **IMPERIAL GRANUM**

THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD

Has justly acquired the reputation of being The Savior for **INVALIDS** & The Aged.

AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT for the GROWTH and PROTECTION of INFANTS and **CHILDREN**

A superior nutritive in continued Fevers, And a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases; often in instances of convulsion over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed depending on its retention. And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable. Sold by DRUGGISTS. Shipping Depot, JOHN CARL & SONS, New York.



# POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, March 15, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

Wm. L. Wilson will qualify as Postmaster-General about April 1.

There is now in course of construction a ship-canal from Chicago to the Mississippi River, which bids fair to be one of the wonders of the present and coming centuries, if not the leading one in the grandeur of its possibilities. If completed as now intended ships from all over the world will be seen sailing majestically through fertile western plains, bringing the commerce of the world to the great inland harbor of Chicago.

That region of country some twenty miles long and two or three broad, called Back Alleghany, has been woefully neglected in the expenditure of the public money of the county. Beyond a few school-houses, hardly a dollar has ever been placed there for improvements. This week a citizen asks for a bridge, costing about \$100, to be placed across Greenbrier River, so that communication with the postoffice, store, physician, etc., may not wholly depend on the question as to whether the river can be forded or not. The article deserves more than passing attention.

We claimed that the ordinary member of a West Virginia Legislature was of average intelligence. This was disputed by some, but a gentleman from Marlinton and those of his own state, which helped us some. He said he knew one who was elected constable when his term expired. His brother, a justice of the peace, tried a man for horse-stealing, sentenced him to the penitentiary for two years, and sent the prisoner off in custody of the constable. On arriving at the penitentiary, they were met by a lawyer of their county who advised the constable to turn the prisoner loose, so taking a bond of \$50 for his appearance. He did so, and they started back home again. On the way the accused and the constable traded horses, and as the constable agreed to give \$50 to boot, he just surrendered the \$50 recognizance and squared it up.

The best information that can be gotten, though the official copy of the bill is not at hand, is to the effect that the law chronicled as "A bill requiring dealers in cigarettes to pay a license of \$500" affects every tobaccoist who sells cigarettes. This being the case, it will be a long time ere a cigarette is sold in Pocahontas. The use of cigarettes is something we have a right to protest against, as the consumers are children or weak-minded youths who need to be looked after, and who regret when they become older that they were permitted to fall into the pernicious habit. The cigarette neither cleans nor lubricates, while it has an insidious way of making the tissues of a child's body perfectly rotten. Should this law remain in effect, cigarettes will fall into disuse, so that in 1900 that common enemy may become so rare that a cigarette will be regarded as a curiosity. The former law against selling to minors was unavailing, for when cigarettes are displayed in stock, the boy will obtain them by fair means or foul.

Among the persons injured by the bank rioting at Lexington is the Rev. Dr. J. A. Quarles, a professor in the Washington and Lee University. He with his wife lost their savings, six thousand dollars. A week or so after the occurrence, he spent a Sabbath in Staunton. He preached two sermons on a very pertinent text: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."—Matt. 6:19-31. The speaker's certificates of deposit and empty pockets afforded mute but eloquent comments on the text. In his sermon at night, Dr. Quarles again made a pointed and feeling reference to the disastrous effects of the Lexington affair, and made an impressive argument to show how a sincere believer, who has endeavored in good faith to lay up treasure in Heaven, may be superior to any worldly calamity. Genuine depositors in the Heavenly Trust need not fear evil tidings; their hearts are fixed, trusting in the Lord. The policy is brief but to the purpose. "Trust in the Lord and do good, and thou shalt dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed." In the Heavenly concern Christ is all and in all, and he cannot afford to have his word broken.

The Wheeling Register takes up the School Book Bill and proves pretty conclusively that the time spent in lobbying by the book companies was not wholly thrown away. On a schedule of fifteen of the most common school books, it is found that ten have been lowered and five increased in price by the late bill. If every pupil in the year, each one would be benefitted 16 cents, making about \$3000 over the whole State in gain. Mr. Morris, who was the leader in this question, claimed he had saved the State a million per year. Books are to be sold from depositaries at a commission of 12 per cent., which is claimed is so low that no one can handle books in the country. There is to be a depositary at every postoffice, if practicable. It is feared that many neighborhoods will be without depositaries, and be put to great trouble to buy books. Each depositary must execute a bond of not less than \$200.

GOVERNOR MACCORKLE lectured in Wheeling last week on the Nicaragua Canal. This is one of his pet projects, and it is thought he may complete it in a few years. The Governor does not look unlike the Frenchman Gambetta, owing to the way he trims his beard. In the beginning of his lecture he refers to his having been a school teacher, having started in life at teaching school at \$30 per month, and that while he had the Republican Legislature on his hands this winter, he had wished he had stuck to it. One can imagine the Governor's thoughts going back to the scenes of his school life at the old academy at Hillsboro, where he taught, while he uttered those words before an audience composed of West Virginia's most substantial citizens.

Rockbridge County News.—THE CHAMPION HEN.—Mr. J. E. A. Gibbs, of Ephraim, has the champion hen of the county. On Monday morning an egg was brought in from the nest of a grade Plymouth Rock hen, owned by him, which measured eight inches in circumference one way and six inches the other. Its length was three inches and through the centre it measured two inches. It was larger than a turkey egg, and well up toward the size of that of the goose.

## Resolution of Respect.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom to remove from our association Miss Minnie F. McElwee, one of our faithful members, and, Whereas, We cherish the remembrance of our departed sister, and desire that a suitable memorial be prepared expressing our appreciation of her earnest and zealous work in our association as well as our sympathy with the bereaved family: Therefore, be it Resolved, That we as an association humbly bow to the will of our Heavenly Father in thus calling from earth our beloved sister co-worker; yet we testify our sorrow in losing her, and realize that short as was her active life, her sun having set long before its noon, influence will be felt by those with whom she associated, and eternity will doubtless reveal that she accomplished much good while on earth.

Resolved 2nd, That we remember affectionately the many beautiful graces that incited the life of our departed sister. We are cut off from a kind and sympathetic friend yet our loss is her eternal gain, and while we mourn for her she is doubtless singing "In nobler, sweeter, strains." We can only emulate her example and trust Him who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.

Resolved 3rd, That this association as a body extend its sympathy to Mr. D. B. McElwee, and family and commends them to our Saviour for comfort in their bereavement.

Resolved 4th, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our association, printed in our county papers, and a copy be presented to the family of our deceased sister.

LILLIE M. FRIEL,  
GRACE F. HARPER,  
H. LEE WHITE, } Committee.

## NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE UNDERSIGNED COMMISSIONER for repairing the bridge across Knapp's Creek at Huntersville, Pocahontas County. Specifications can be seen at the County Clerk's office. All bids must be in by March 25th.

E. D. KING, Commissioner.  
Bids to be received by J. H. Weymouth and remain 3 days. Mingo, 19th 4 days. Edray, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Buckeye (Clark Kellisons), 5th, 4 days. Mill Point, 10th, 4 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

## LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

### Order of Publication.

{ STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA }  
{ POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to-wit: }  
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for said county, on Monday, the 4th day of March, 1895.

W. A. Bratton, trustee,  
vs.  
W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburgh Railway Company, a corporation under the laws of West Virginia, George F. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, and Q. W. Poage.

The object of this suit is to sell under a deed of trust in favor of the West Virginia and Pittsburgh Railway Company, of date October 28, 1881, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, the land of said Ella M. Burr, (nee Poage) devised her by her father, Woods Poage, and to this end, to remove any clouds which may rest upon the title by reason of any claims of said Q. W. Poage to said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, George F. Burr, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the West Virginia Central & Pittsburgh Railway Company, is a corporation, chartered and existing under the laws of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 5th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, W. A. BRATTON, p. q. Clerk.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lotolia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Benick's Valley. Four miles from turnpike, and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town. Leobus, W. Va. W. S. HILL.

## Commissioner's sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, pronounced at the October term, 1894, in the chancery cause of

Levi Gay  
vs.  
John T. McGraw, John A. McNeel, and B. M. Yeager,

I will on  
TUESDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1895,  
Offer for sale by public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River and on the headwaters of Laurel Creek, a branch of Williams River, in said county, which was conveyed to said John T. McGraw by the said John A. McNeel, by deed of date 7th day of April, 1891, and of record in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No 22, page 13, and which is estimated to contain 1077 acres and 30 poles. This tract is very valuable for its grazing and timber qualities.

TERMS: Enough cash in hand to pay the sum of \$3,479.50, with interest thereon from the 15th day of October, 1894, and the costs of suit and sale, and the residue in three equal installments, falling due in six, twelve, and eighteen months respectively from day of sale, bearing interest from that date, taking from the purchaser bonds with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, a lien being retained as ultimate security.

W. A. BRATTON,  
Special Commissioner,  
I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed.  
J. H. PATTERSON,  
ms 4t Clerk.

## Commissioner's Sale of Land.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, pronounced at the April term, 1894, in the chancery cause of John A. Gieger vs. Wm. R. Sutton, etc., I will, on Tuesday,

the 2d Day of April, 1895,  
offer for sale by public auction, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River, and known as the John W. Logan place, containing 363 acres, more or less, being the entire interest of said Sutton in said land.

Terms: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in two equal payments, falling due in six and twelve months, respectively, from the day of sale, with interest from that day, the purchaser executing bond with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, and a lien being retained as ultimate security.

CHARLES P. JONES,  
Commissioner.  
I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed.  
J. H. PATTERSON,  
ms 4t Clerk.

## Order of Publication.

{ STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA }  
{ POCAHONTAS COUNTY to-wit: }  
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, March 1st, 1895.

Ott, Bros. & Co.  
vs.  
J. W. Bolton, W. H. Overholt, E. H. Moore, trustee, George W. Whiting, and J. S. Wickline.

The object of this suit is to enforce a judgment of Ott, Bros & Co. of \$418.06 and \$14.80 costs against J. W. Bolton, and subject the lands of the said J. W. Bolton to the lien of said judgment and the costs of this suit. And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant, J. S. Wickline, is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month from the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 4th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, L. M. McCLINTIC, p. q. Clerk.

## Special Offer.

We have made arrangements with the Confederate Veterans published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the POCAHONTAS TIMES and the Patriot at the exceedingly low rate of \$1.45 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated magazine at so low a price. The Patriot has an immense circulation, and is the official organ of 500 camps.

## Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 24th day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of Jacob Sheets, Administrator, vs. Rachel E. A. Sheets and others, the undersigned special commissioner will proceed to sell on

Tuesday, April 2d, 1895,

in front of the court house of Pocahontas County, at public auction to the highest bidder, two certain tracts of land, comprising the real-estate of Jacob Sheets, deceased, situated in Pocahontas County on Back Alleghany Mountain. One containing 135 acres of land, conveyed to said Jacob Sheets by J. H. Arbogast and wife, by deed dated on the 28th day of April, 1877; the other tract containing 164 acres, conveyed to said Sheets by W. A. Gum and others, by deed dated 27th day of June, 1878. All of the timber on said 164 acre tract has been sold to the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company.

Said land is partially improved, and has on it a comfortable dwelling and out-houses.

TERMS OF SALE: Sufficient cash in hand to pay the cost of this suit and expenses of sale, and upon a credit as to the residue of the purchase money of 6, 12, and 18 months in equal installments, bearing interest from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bonds for said deferred installments, with good personal security, and retaining a lien on said land as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC,  
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

## Commissioner's Sale of Valuable Lands

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, W. VA.

BY VIRTUE of a decree entered on the nineteenth day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of William Skeen's Administrator versus John T. McGraw, and others, pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, the undersigned Special Commissioner will proceed on

THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1895,  
In front of the court-house door of said county to sell publicly to the highest bidder, the following real estate situated in Pocahontas county, to-wit:

### 3900 ACRES OF LAND

Lying on Knapp's Creek in said county, adjoining the lands of William Curry, and others, formerly belonging to the estate of William Skeen, deceased. This land is covered with virgin forests of white oak, white pine, and other valuable timbers, and is also reputed to have on it valuable iron ore. It lies along the bank of Knapp's Creek in such a way that the lumber can be easily floated from it to market.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-fourth of the purchase money cash in hand, and for the residue bonds with approved personal security will be required, falling due in six and twelve months from day of sale, with interest from date, a lien to be retained as ultimate security.

R. S. TURK,  
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

## G. C. AMLUNG, FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. VA.  
All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.  
Mending neatly done.  
Give me a call.

## C. B. SWECKER, General Auctioneer and Real Estate Agent.

Real Estate, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,  
Architect and Superintendent,  
Room 19, Kelly Block,  
Wheeling, W. Va.



# HOME NEWS

—Charleston elected a Democratic mayor in its late city-election.

—Wm. Siple has qualified as jailer and moved into the new jail.

—Mr. T. Ricketts had his toe broken by a kick of the racing mare Sparkle, owned by Mr. J. H. G. Wilson.

—The county court insured the new court-house for \$20,000 in the Virginia Fire & Marine represented by Sam'l B. Scott, Jr.

—Miss Brownlee, of Augusta County, Va., commenced a school at this place last Monday, with about twenty scholars.

—J. S. McClintic has taken charge of the McLaughlin mill, near Edray, and is prepared to make the best of flour on the shortest notice. He invites every one to give him a trial.

—The county roads ought to be looked after a little at this season. One man may save the work of many by mending breaks, started by the freezing, which will become worn by the spring rains into deep gutters.

—More depends on where you buy your goods, than many think. Taking in consideration that price and quality are alike indispensable, you will do well to go to S. W. Holt's where you will find goods of the right sort at the right price.

—Sam Gladwell, of Mill Point, will move to Marlinton in the near future. He is now building a shoemaker shop to be used by Richard Mathews, a member of his family, and one of the best shoemakers in the county.

—Capt. Hunter and his hands, fifty in number, lodged in Huntersville several days while driving in the vicinity. He is now in Marlinton with his crew and lodges in the bowling alley, until the floating camp comes from Dunmore.

—Queenie, the beautiful Jersey cow, belonging to Amos Barlow, Esq., of Huntersville, died of something like the grip a week or so since. This cow supplied the family of seven persons with all the milk and butter that was consumed last winter, leaving a surplus of fourteen pounds. The time consumed in churning was from three to five minutes.

—It is related of one of our county men, that on one of the cold mornings of last winter he had a good many guests from different parts of the county who were stopping over night with him. He made this hospitable suggestion, "Now, all you fellows, who would wash if you war' at home, come out to the spring with me, but if there is any body who wouldn't wash if they war' at home, they needn't think they hev' to wash at my house." They all washed.

—The latest news in Lexington, according to Mr. Levi Gay on his return, was that C. M. Figgatt, the defaulting cashier, had gone to Mexico, taken out a charter, and was only waiting for his old directors to come on to start another bank. There is a report also that he is hiding in the mountains in West Virginia. Indictments were found against him, Goodwin, the book-keeper, and C. W. Irvine, a hotel proprietor, with whom Figgatt was on intimate terms, and who kept a bar, which Figgatt frequented.

—As is known to every one, a great many county orders and orders of the Manley Manf. Co., on the Sheriff of the county are in circulation. A few of these have been discounted, one batch as much as 10 per cent. But these were exceptional cases. There is absolutely no truth in report that they are being offered at 20 per cent. discount without takers. The Sheriff is all the time paying out cash, and will finally, work through them. Collecting taxes has been a slow task this year, and the Sheriff finds that the men take to the woods when he comes leaving the their women to talk that gentlemen in a good humor over his last ride. Do not believe all you hear about these "worthless county orders" for the men that have them consider them as about the most valuable interest bearing fund they own.

—A recent number of the Chicago Interior contains a full page portrait of Rev. Plumer Bryan, D. D., once pastor of the Huttonsville and Mingo Flats churches, in Randolph county. There is a brief but satisfactory sketch of his ministerial life. This sketch begins with an incident that occurred while he was a student. It seems that he had held a service in a neighborhood chiefly occupied by persons known as hard-shell Baptists. Two deacons had a contention about the service just conducted by the young student. "I say, Jim, you told me that Mister Bryan is an eddicated man." "That's so, Sam, he's a regular college man, a way up feller in eddication." "I say he isn't, so thar now! I say he isn't because I understood every word he said, and I hain't no eddication." Mr. Bryan, well-known to many of our readers, now resides in Chicago, and is pastor of the Covenant Church, called the Seminary Church, as it is the one nearest the important Theological Seminary located in that renowned city.

—Several times recently certain young men of the town have started sensational reports for the fun of the thing. The first one was that burglars had tried to break in a store, and they showed a broken window and marks where the bullets entered the wall during a supposed-desperate encounter. Last Sunday we had another sensation. A man galloped up for the doctor, saying that Tim A'Hern, an Irishman, had had the top of his head kicked off by a horse and that his brains were scattered in every direction. This proved a fake, and the doctor was very much annoyed. Also Tim's comrade and his lady friends, who had shown signs of being greatly distressed. As a newspaper man, we have all the charity in the world for the man who is honestly mistaken, but not for the practical joker who loves to arouse real and strong emotions without cause.

—It seems strange that there is so much snow to be seen as you look toward the mountains, as we have enjoyed all the pleasures of spring weather for three weeks. The river keeps up from the melting of the snow, and log driving is in full blast. The Cumberland Company is trying to get out of Knapp's Creek with its logs, by aid of splashers, and have almost reached the mouth of the creek. The boys of the town ride logs with perfect ease, though they fall in and get wet finally. Riding a log is considered a great accomplishment. Louis Yeager had a narrow escape the other day, having fallen among the logs just as a jam broke above him.

—The Mingo football team will come over on Friday of this week. On Saturday about 1 p. m. the game will be called. Mr. James Hebden, of Mingo, will act as umpire. The Marlinton team is suffering under the ignominy of two defeats from this team last year, and hope to retrieve themselves in the coming games. The visiting team will play in white jerseys, and the home team in black. The game will be of one and a half hours duration. A big crowd is expected in Marlinton that day.

—The present month has been fair and open. Farmers find that the stock in the field refuse in many cases to eat the hay thrown to them preferring to graze. As there is a lot of corn in the county, a little grain fed to stock keeps them in a strong healthy condition.

—The next term of the Circuit Court, it is thought, will be a very short one, as there are no lengthy trials which are apt to be tried. There will be four or five indictments for felony, but it is not likely that any of them will be tried before June Court.

—There has been a great revival at Monterey, in Highland county, and a large number of persons have made a public profession of religion, among whom were some of the most prominent citizens of the county.

—It is reported that a sale has been made of the Lambert Place near Staunton Va., to Mrs. C. B. Moore, of Huntersville, at \$2,350. Turk and Holt attorneys, made the sale.

—Baled hay is being hauled by some from Millboro, a distance of forty-six miles.

—A blockade of trees and rock obstructed travel on the Price Hill last Tuesday for some hours.

—Mr. Rice Moore is preparing to leave Huntersville about the 1st of April, and settle near Staunton on the Lambert Place. It is to be regretted that such citizens should ever find it their interest to leave our county.

—Dr. Weymouth, the well-known dentist, of Beverly, cancels his engagements at Huntersville and Green Bank, advertised in last week's issue for the 15th and 19th of April respectively, owing to being liable to be called away at that time. He will visit those places later. The exact date will appear in this paper.

## Personal.

Rev. C. M. Saver preached his last sermon of the evangelical year at Marlinton last Sunday.

County surveyor Geo. Baxter, was in to see us on Monday.

Capt. Edgar of Academy was at Marlinton on Monday.

Messrs Dixon and Hunter, drove down from camp last Saturday.

Our drummer friends, Fleming and MacCorkle, stopped over Sunday in Marlinton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mullenax have returned to their home in Dalton, Georgia.

We are indebted to Mr. Geo. A. Burner, of Minneapolis, for a copy of the proceedings of the Hayward murder trial in that city.

Miss Bell Burner, who went to Chicago from Traveler's Repose, some years ago, has been dangerously ill in that city.

Mr. Robert Glendi called at our office on Wednesday.

## A Startling Discovery.

The County Court made a most startling discovery at its session last week, and will regulate its movements accordingly. When they found that the prisoners in the Marlinton jail were being fed on hot rolls, spring chicken, cranberry sauce, new-laid eggs, hot-house vegetables, and the like, they were very much alarmed, and will lay strict injunctions on the new jailer to feed them in a less luxurious manner. They fear an over-crowded jail next winter, and do not propose to make the new jail a resort for epicures.

It is thought, the danger being discovered in time, that the people need not fear that boarding of the prisoners will cause a war levy to be laid. Every body can see that if the hard times keep up there might be a great number of dead-beats to be fostered at the expense of the public.

## The Meachan Railroad.

Everywhere can you see news of the project of this road which will come by Marlinton on its western route. A dispatch from 'Richmond says that Col. Meachan was recently in that city and paid the fees amounting to \$200 for the charter of the Chesapeake, Shen-dun, and Western Railroad. This charter was granted by the last General Assembly, and the capital stock is not to exceed \$10,000,000.

The *Manufacturer's Record* gives a long account of this road, and speaks of it in connection with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It says there is to be an immediate extension of three hundred miles from some point on the Valley Branch of the B. & O. to Charleston, W. Va. There are people right around us to-day who will live to see some of these roads built. So never say die, for there will be trains booming through our valleys where hitherto the fox has dug his hole unscared.

*Tygart's Valley News:* Below we give a sample local communication; authorship unknown. Unsigned communications invariably go to the waste-basket, but we publish this merely to show the ideas some people have as to what would constitute a news item:

LAUREL, W. V. A.  
March 4th 95  
The bruse and Coal  
Fever is about to di in  
this country but  
Posson bolely is some  
what fortunate they  
have taken a lease of  
the seven year Itch  
there is No Money in this  
but there is lots of  
good Solid Scratching.

## A PLEA

FOR IMPROVEMENTS ON BACK ALLEGHANY.

An Equal Division of the Spoils Demanded.

WANLESS, W. VA., Mar. 9, 1895.  
—It has been a long time since I have ventured to contribute a line to your valued paper, but having identified myself for a time with the people of this place, I deem it a duty to make an appeal to our county court for the benefit of the whole-souled mountaineers of the central section, from the Staunton & Parkersburg-Pike, to Marlinton, our county seat. I mean to urge the necessity of a bridge of some kind across Greenbrier River. It is about 35 miles from Traveler's Repose to Marlinton and in all that distance there is no bridge not even a foot bridge, and this being about midway between, the people are often left at the mercy of a river so desolate, that for days sometimes no one can dare to cross it for a doctor, let the needs of suffering humanity be ever so urgent.

A more loyal, whole hearted people cannot be found, than those who live on Back Alleghany; they pay their taxes faithfully and without murmur, and what in return do they get?—a turbid river unbridged for 35 miles, and a road too bad for a bob-aled to pass over.

There is little good here, but the people and the soil—public outlay has been almost entirely unknown to this section of our county, so that the advantages which should come to every such community of law-abiding citizens has been delayed, denied, or neglected. These people do not ask a wagon-bridge, but a foot-bridge, simply such as spans the Greenbrier at Traveler's Repose, which would not in the extreme cost over \$100; a bridge should cross the river either at Mr. Wm. H. Collins' place "The old Jim Cassel place," or at the mouth of Leatherbark creek.

The greatest objection to living behind this river can be removed by a very small sum and that in a foot bridge.

The attention this end of the county gets is not very elaborate, and indeed, in all due deference to a large section of country, I do with many others, think that this matter should receive a share of the public attention and public outlay—stores are essential and doctors a necessity.

## Dry Branch.

ED TIMES: Not having seen any items in your paper from Dry Branch, I thought I would write a few lines to let you readers know there is a place in Pocahontas county by the name of Dry Branch of Elk. The county seems to be ignorant of our existence, for there has never been a petit or grand juryman summoned from this part, in fifteen years, where there are twenty families and all freeholders. We see in other neighborhoods certain men summoned every court as jurors. We want to know, or see it explained in your paper, how it is that this neighborhood never is represented.

We have had a very hard winter. W. H. Brady had two yearling steers frozen to death, and some others badly frozen.

Wm. McCloud lost a horse a few days ago, by getting his foot fastened in his halter, breaking his neck. To Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Beale, a son was born the 8th inst. which lived only seven hours, and then returned to the God who gave it.

Mr. George Beatty, of Mingo, has been sick for a week of pneumonia, but is better at this writing.

John Wood had an ox poisoned with arsenic or rough on rats, last week.

Sheep are looking bad; feed is scarce; we hope for grass soon.

Clark Sharp was at Beverly last week.

TUCKER.

Go

To the East  
To the West  
To the town

That you like best,  
BUT,  
If to the west end of bridge you decide to go, be sure and stop in and secure some of the bargains offered by

P. GOLDEN.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## Buckeye.

As I have not seen any thing in the TIMES from this place for some time, perhaps you will conclude we all froze to death down this way.

We are a having fine weather now.

Rev. W. A. Sharp preached his last sermon at the upper church on Swago last Sunday morning, and will start to conference Monday, which meets at Ronceverte on the 14th of March.

The hillsides are bare once more, and the people are busy making sugar.

Born: to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Monday a 13th boy.

We learn while Mr. Olie Auldridge were cutting wood the other day he found a fine bee-tree, which he says he is going to cut in the spring, and save the bees, for he expects to go to house-keeping soon on his new farm.

Mr. Douglas McNeil was at home on last Saturday and Sunday, from the H. M. & F. Academy, where he is attending school.

POLLY THE BUCKEYE BLAST.

## Green Bank.

Mad, mad, mud, rain, snow, wind, and sunshine.

Did you see the eclipse of the moon last Sunday night? As one said, there was whiskers on the moon. It was total.

Mr. Frank Houchin, of Traveler's Repose, was in town Saturday to see the Secretary of the Board of Education.

Mr. J. F. Hively passed through town Monday on his way home from Back Alleghany where he has been teaching school.

Sugar making is the work of our people at this time.

Dr. W. E. Henderson, eye specialist, of Pittsburg, is stopping at the Ralston Hotel.

G. M. Sutton, of Meadow Dale, Va., was here last Sunday.

Wheat is looking well.

Rev. C. L. Potter preached a good sermon at this place last Sunday, which was his last appointment until after Conference. If he is transferred, we should be sorry to see him go, but hope he will get a good appointment with good people.

Miss Nora Riley's school at Mossy flat closed last week.

Miss Bertie Beard is teaching the Arbogast school, which is her second school for this year.

Mr. John Maupin and Miss McClintic, of Marlinton, are visiting in this vicinity.

We would extend an invitation to Rev. Howard the evangelist, to visit our Valley and give us a series of meetings in the near future.

Rev. E. F. Alexander and Mr. C. A. Lightner started to day for Highland County, to attend the meetings at Pisgah church, conducted by Rev. Howard.

## Bewitched.

It was formerly considered a serious matter to be bewitched by an enemy in the hunting way. A great many years ago if a man could not kill deer and other game, his supply of meat would be very short. Therefore it was with indelible feelings that the hunter found that he had had a spell laid on him to prevent him killing deer. The writer of this is bewitched in this way right now, so he tries not to care about killing a deer.

The way the spell works is about like this. A noted hunter, now dead, went out to hunt. A large buck came near him. He fired, and saw where the bullet struck, just over the heart, and the hair which had been cut by the bullet, fall on the snow. The buck stood still and he fired five balls within an inch of the first one without effect and left the phantom deer in despair. Going on he came on a doe. He fired and hit it behind the shoulder. The doe turned around and let him fire at her other side, and as often as he fired, so often would the doe present the other side. He saw over forty deer that day, not one of which could he kill.

After a year or two he discovered a way to remove the spell and also who the enemy was who had laid it on him. He then put such a potent spell on that man so that to the day of his death, he was allowed to kill only one deer a season, which would spoil and become unfit for food the moment it was hung up by the hind legs.

The spell under which the writer labors a victim, is his faculty of seeing deer when he has no gun.

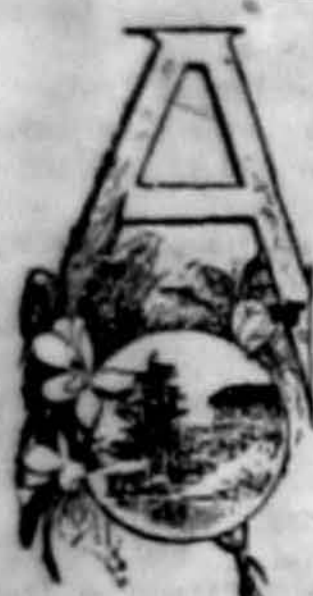
FOR RENT! My store-house occupied by P. Golden. at Edray lately.  
J. R. POARS, Edray, W. Va.



# THE HOUR OF PEACE.

Upon the door-stone sat the wife,  
The twilight falling,  
And far below the whippoorwill  
Was softly calling.  
The sunset winds dropped upon their way  
Their honey plunder,  
And slow and clear the night built up  
Its house of wonder.  
Within, the child dreamed deep, and saw  
Four angels keeping  
Their gentle watch with drooping wings  
About his sleeping;  
While singing from the steep below  
Where shadows slumbered,  
Her true love climbed, and in his heart  
His treasure numbered.  
And sighing faintly to herself  
With purest pleasure,  
Life brimming at her lips to fall  
Overflowing measure,  
She marvelled if the happy earth,  
This summer even,  
Were not the paved work laid before  
The courts of heaven.  
And yet, a cold wind from the cloud  
To snatch her blowing  
The little breath between the lips  
So lightly flowing;  
A pebble underfoot where sheer  
The rock descended—  
Ah, Fate! What slender chances held  
Her heaven suspended!  
—Harriet P. Spofford, in Harper's Bazar.

## THREE BLACK BAGS.



calling at the butcher's or the grocer's on my way home from business, and, therefore—well, therefore, I don't call three times out of five that she tells me to.

Don't I catch it? No; not over-much, anyhow. For one thing we haven't been married very long, and Tilly agrees that it's only reasonable I should have time to learn to be more careful, and, for another, if it wasn't for the hold a habit has on me, I doubt whether we should be married yet, or at least we shouldn't be living in our own house, with the furniture all bought at a large discount for cash.

I am a clerk in the service of a firm of colliery and quarry owners at Lington, and every Saturday morning I go out to Westerby, a village some thirty miles off among the Moors, to pay the quarrymen their work wages.

It's an awkward sort of journey. I have to start by the first train in the morning, which leaves Lington at 6, change at Drak, our junction with the main line, leave the main line again at Thurley, some ten miles further south, and do the rest of the distance in the brake van of a mineral train.

The money—nearly a hundred pounds, mostly in silver—I always carry in a little black leather bag, one of those bags you see by scores every day, which may contain anything from a packet of sandwiches and a clean collar to a dynamite bomb, and it's my habit when in the train, to put my bag on the rack facing me. I rarely keep it on the seat by my side, and I don't like to put it up over my head.

If it has to go there because the opposite rack is full I am always uneasy about it, fancying I shall forget when I get out. I never have forgotten it yet, but one Saturday in November, 1893, I did something which might have been worse. I took the wrong bag when I left the train at Thurley.

It happened in this way. On the Friday night I went out with Tilly to a party, which broke up so late that I had only just time to change my clothes and get a sort of apology for breakfast before catching my train. Consequently I slept all the way from Lington to Drak, and at Drak I stumbled, only half awake, into the first third-class compartment I came to.

Three of the corner seats were occupied and I took the fourth, though there was no room on the opposite rack for my bag. I couldn't put it on the seat at my side either, because the man in the other corner had his legs up, and I didn't care to disturb him. I ought, of course, to have kept it on my knees, and on any other morning I dare say I should have done so, but I was heavy and I was very sleepy, so I just slung it over my head, settled myself down and dropped off again almost before my train was clear of the station.

I didn't wake until we stopped at Thurley, and even then I fancy I should have slept on if the two men at the far end of the compartment had not wanted to get out.

"What station is this?" I asked, sitting up and drawing my legs from across the door to let them pass. "Oxford, I suppose."

"No, Thurley," said one, and up I started in a hurry took my bag, as I

thought, from the rack opposite me, and got down on the platform just as the guard whistled the train away.

"You ran it a bit fine that time, mister," remarked the man who had saved me from being carried past my destination. "I wonder if that other chap meant going on? He was as fast asleep as you."

"Oh, he's all right," said his companion. "He's booked for London. I heard him say so when he got in. Good morning, governor."

"Good morning," I replied, and then, having thanked them for waking me, I made for the siding, where my mineral train was waiting for me.

"You look tired this morning, Mr. Corner," said the brakeman as soon as we started on our somewhat slow and wearisome journey.

"I look what I feel, Jim," said I. "And I am as sleepy as an owl. I never went to bed last night."

"Then, lie down, and have a sleep now, sir," suggested Jim. "Here's some sacks and a rug to cover you. If the jolting don't wake you, you may be sure I won't."

The good-natured fellow kept his word, and as I am one of those happily constituted individuals who can sleep on or through anything, I felt much refreshed when we arrived at the quarries after what Jim called "a roughish passage" over the uneven surface of the moorland line, which had been laid solely to serve the needs of our quarries and some neighboring iron mines.

After I had had a wash and done full justice to a second breakfast at the "Miners' Arms," I felt ready to face my morning's work of making up the men's pay sheets. While I was doing that the bag, which I fondly imagined to be mine, lay on the table before me, nor did any doubt as to its identity trouble me until I had finished my calculations and was ready to embody the results of them in sundry little heaps of gold and silver.

Then, as I felt in my pocket for my keys, my memory began to entertain a vague suspicion that that bag was somehow unfamiliar to it. I am by no means an observant man, and as I couldn't have set down categorically the characteristics which distinguished my bag from others of like make and shape, I felt rather than thought that the one in front of me did not possess those characteristics.

However, my key fitted the lock, and as I turned it, my suspicions vanished, but only to be replaced a moment later by an astounding certainty.

Instead of resting upon the familiar brown paper packages of silver and little canvas bags of gold, my eyes were dazzled by a many-colored iridescence which shone forth from the inside of that bag as soon as I opened it.

"Diamonds, by Jingo!" I cried, as I started back amazed. The bag fell over on its side, and half a dozen loose stones rolled out upon the table, where they lay sparkling gloriously in the wintry sunshine.

As soon as I recovered my self-possession I picked them up and put them back into the bag, the contents of which I then examined as well as I could without exposing them to the view of any one who might happen to look in at the office window, for though I had no reason to suppose the quarrymen were not honest, I thought it best to keep my discovery to myself.

The bag, I guessed, was probably the property of a jeweler's traveler; a traveler in a large way of business, too, thought I, as I peered into it in the least exposed corner of the office and found it almost full of what, little as I knew about precious stones, I felt certain were valuable jewels.

But certainly travelers in jewelry did not usually pack, or rather omit to pack, their samples in such an utterly careless fashion? Rings, brooches, bracelets, loose stones, at least one necklace, a gold watch and chain, some bank notes, and a considerable sum of sovereigns were all mixed up together in a chaotic confusion which seemed at least inconsistent with business habits.

I began to doubt whether it was even consistent with honest possession of, at all events, the contents of the bag on the part of my late fellow passengers—the man who was booked for London, and who had been asleep when I left the train at Thurley.

No doubt he was awake, and also aware of his loss by this time. What a state of mind he must be in, too—but, just as I was trying to realize his state of mind a murmur of gruff voices and a shuffling of heavy feet in the yard outside reminded me that it was time to pay the men.

What had I better do? I wondered. Borrow what I needed from the notes and gold in the bag that was not mine, or put the men off with fair words till Monday? They were a rough lot, though, and if I adopted the latter alternative there would probably be something very like a riot. It would be wiser, I thought, to pay them if I could get enough change to do it.

Herriedly summoning the foreman and telling him that a mistake had been made in supplying me with money, I went down into the village, and, after some trouble, succeeded in collecting enough silver and copper to serve my purpose.

Then, with that precious bag out of

sight between my feet, I paid the men, who were already grumbling at the delay, at the same time doing my best to rally them into better humor, for I felt absurdly nervous, and was ready to credit the honest fellows with a capacity for crime which were no doubt quite beyond the compass even of their imaginations.

As soon as I had finished my task I returned, per mineral train, to Thurley, and there I broke my journey. On calmly reviewing all the circumstances of the case in the seclusion of the brake van, I had decided that the police, rather than the railway authorities, ought to be first informed of my mistake, and the inspector to whom I told my story agreed with me.

"I am very glad you came straight to me," said he, turning the contents of the bag out on his desk. "If you can hold your tongue for a week or two, it's just possible we may catch the gentleman who put this nice little lot together."

"You think they have been stolen, then?" I asked.

"Think!" he repeated, smiling at my simplicity. "I know, my boy. And when and where too—though unfortunately not by whom. Run your eye over this."

"This," was a list of jewels and other valuables missing from Erlingthorpe, Lord Yerbury's place, near Drislingden, where, the inspector said, a well-planned robbery had been carried out on the Thursday evening.

"You seem to have nailed a lot," he went on; "but we may as well go through the articles serialim."

We did so, and found there was nothing missing, except the money I had taken to pay the men.

"Our unknown friend hasn't even paid his traveling expenses out of the loose cash," commented the inspector, and then he suddenly changed his tone.

"Now, look here, young man," he went on, eyeing me keenly. "I'm not in charge of this case—yet—but if you'll do as I tell you, I hope I may be in the course of a few days. There's a tidy reward offered for the recovery of the property, as you see. That, I take it, you've earned already; but are you game to help me catch the man? There's a further reward for nabbing him, which, of course, I can't touch—officially—and don't particularly want. My aim is promotion. Do you understand?"

"I think so," said I; "and I am willing to help you all I can."

"Good," said the inspector, resuming his jocular manner. "Could you identify your fellow sleeper, do you think?"

"I'm afraid not," I replied. "He had a beard, I know—"

"Which was very likely false," interrupted he; "but never mind. What we want to do is to get our friend to claim the property either in person or by deputy. He's sure to be a bit backward in coming forward, but he won't like to give up all that for the little bit of ready money there was in your bag, and if we have patience we may draw him."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied; "just literally nothing. Go home. Keep a still tongue in your head, and a sharp eye on the agony columns of the London papers, and wait till you hear from me. I'll take charge of these articles, and give you a receipt for them, but don't be surprised if you see them still advertised as missing."

A few days later the inspector set his trap. It took the shape of an advertisement which appeared in the—but no; perhaps I had better not give the name of the paper; according to Inspector Bland, it is the favorite journal of the criminal classes—begging the gentleman with whom "G. C." inadvertently exchanged bags to communicate with G. C. at the address he would find in G. C.'s pocketbook.

Personally, I didn't think our fish would be foolish enough to rise to this bait, but my friend the inspector was more hopeful.

"Luckily for us, Mr. Corner," said he, when I took advantage of my next visit to the quarries to call upon him, "there's always a sort of warp or twist in the mind of the habitual criminal which prevents him from believing in the honesty of other folks. Now, not a soul but you and I and the chief constable knows these jewels are as good as back on Lady Yerbury's dressing table, or wherever else she's in the habit of leaving 'em lying about. Therefore the hue and cry after them's not likely to die away yet awhile, and there'll be a genuine ring about it which should persuade our unknown friend that you've got 'em and mean to convert 'em to your own use, as we say in the profession, but being an amateur, don't know how to go about turning 'em into more cash than the reward comes to, and—there, consequently, you are anxious to come to terms with him. See?"

I saw, but I was not convinced. Events, however, proved that the inspector was right. For a month later Lady Yerbury's diamonds were sought in vain and for a month "G. C." continued to appeal to his late fellow traveler, also in vain, but at the end of that time his patience was rewarded by the appearance of an advertisement, telling him, if he really meant business, to write to "B. H." at a given address.

The letter I wrote at the dictation of Inspector Bland was more cautious than incriminating, but as it produced a reply which the inspector deemed satisfactory, it was followed by others less carefully worded, until at last it stood pledged to personally deliver, for a consideration of £2000, the stolen jewels to one Benjamin Hurst, whom I was to meet at a public house in Chillingham.

Now, I don't pretend to be braver than the average man of peaceful and sedentary habits, and when I saw what sort of a house the "Spotted Dog" was, I began to wish I had refused to have anything to do with Inspector Bland's scheme.

The little company of disreputable-looking loafers hanging about the bar eyed me curiously as I entered, and when I asked the landlord if Mr. Hurst was in, one of them raised a general laugh by offering to carry my luggage up to him.

"No larks, Bill," said the landlord sternly. "Mary, show the gentleman Mr. Hurst's room."

I found Mr. Hurst a decidedly surly rascal. He began to grumble at the hardness of the bargain I was driving with him, and swearing at his lack generally. Then, being perhaps emboldened by the conciliatory manner I thought it prudent to adopt, he tried to make better terms, offering me first £500 less, and finally insisting that he ought at least to be allowed to deduct from my £2000 the sum I had used to pay the men.

Inspector Bland had allowed me a quarter of an hour for negotiations. At the end of that time he proposed to make a raid upon the house.

"And mind," he had said in his jocular way, "we don't find the property still in your hands, Mr. Corner. It would be a pretty kettle of fish if we had to prosecute you for unlawful possession, wouldn't it?"

In accordance with these instructions I haggled with Mr. Hurst a little while, and then allowed him to have his way, whereupon he, having satisfied himself that the bag which I restored to him still contained his spoils, handed me £1900 in what afterward turned out to be very creditable imitations of Bank of England notes.

"I suppose you don't want no receipt?" he growled.

"No, thank you," said I. "I think we may mutually dispense with that formality. Good morning."

I turned to leave the room as I spoke, but before I could unlock the door it was burst open from the outside, not, unfortunately for me, by the police, but by the man whom the landlord had called Bill, a powerful ruffian, who promptly knocked me down and knelt upon my chest.

"Quick, Ben, get out of this," he cried. "It's a plant. No, no. The window, you fool," he added, as Mr. Hurst, bag in hand, made for the door. "The police are in the bar already."

As Mr. Hurst opened the window he cursed me with much volubility and bitterness, and as soon as he was outside on the leads he did worse.

"Stand clear, Bill," he cried, and his friend obeyed him. I scrambled to my feet, but immediately dropped again with a bullet from Mr. Hurst's revolver in my shoulder.

I am not at all sorry that Mr. Hurst fired at me—as Inspector Bland says, it was much easier to convict him of attempted murder than to prove he actually stole those jewels, and the inspector doubts, too, whether he would have got fifteen years if merely charged with receiving them. But I do wish he hadn't hit me.

However, even the pain my wound still gives is not without its compensation. It prevents me from feeling any twinges of conscience when I reflect that my furniture cost Mr. Hurst his liberty, for Lord Yerbury took it for granted that he was the thief, and paid me the extra reward he had offered for his apprehension.

Inspector Bland won the promotion he coveted, and is now stationed at Lington. His wedding present was characteristic. It was a black bag, with my initials on either side in white letters about six inches long.—All The Year Round.

## Forebore Liquor and Wears Diamonds.

J. B. Brady, a New York iron manufacturer, wears \$40,000 worth of diamonds on his person constantly, though none of them are in sight. His suspender buckles are set with them, and so are the buttons on his underclothes. He carries a cane, the handle of which is studded with diamonds, and the end of whose gold ferrule is a diamond as big as the end of one's thumb. He says that these gems represent his savings by giving up the use of liquor.—New Orleans Picayune.

## The Dogs of Paris.

Late returns show that Paris has 80,000 registered dogs, or one to every twenty-eight inhabitants. The largest number are in the poorest quarters of the city. It cost \$2,000,000 per annum to feed them, but the dogs in turn afford a living to twenty-five manufacturers of collars and muzzles, four bakers of dog's bread, five factories where dog biscuits, consisting of meat fibre, are made; three special dog pharmacies, a dozen infirmaries and two dog hospitals.—Chicago Herald.

## COASTING.

One night when stars were twinkling  
And the air was sharp and still,  
Annette and I were coasting  
Upon an icy hill.  
Our sleigh was small and skittish,  
With room enough for two,  
And down the slide together  
With breathless speed we flew.  
A sudden jolt!—and over  
Through banks of snow we rolled;  
She clasped her arms about me,  
A loving, trusting hold.  
And when we stopped I kissed her,  
To sooth her heart's affright,  
And pleaded that she'd always  
Do as she did that night.

'Twas then we learned the lesson  
We never can forget:  
A truth that, when in trouble,  
We put in practice yet.  
She puts her arms about me  
And, loving, holds me fast  
And so we cling together  
Till every danger's past.  
—P. McArthur.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Modern society is a game of grand-fathers.

The beauty of the thinking cap depends upon the head that wears it.—Puck.

A baker's business has a tendency to make him a trifle crusty.—Hartford Journal.

A silver lining in your pocket is more encouraging than one in the clouds.—Puck.

Some men who object to settin' on tacks would n' min' settin' on the tax collector.—Puck.

The great difficulty of the Chinese seems to be that they are not good sprinters.—San Francisco Examiner.

"Is Jinks a poet?" "No; just hard times; couldn't raise enough money to have his hair cut."—Atlanta Constitution.

Maudie—"How could you marry a man that you do not know?" Edith—"I certainly would not marry any man I do know."—Boston Transcript.

If celluloid articles are to explode what is to become of the man who wears a celluloid collar when he gets "hot under the collar?"—New York Advertiser.

If a woman would look first in the place where she knows she didn't put a thing instead of the place where she thinks she did, she would save lots of time.—Puck.

Wiggins—"My dear boy, you look as happy as an 'after takin' picture." Benedick—"Do I? No wonder. That's just what I am. She has just accepted me."—Harper's Bazar.

Her Father—"No, young man, my daughter can never be yours." Her Adorer—"My dear sir, I don't want her to be my daughter, I want her to be my wife."—Harlem Life.

Mrs. Parvenoo—"And what does your husband do?" Mrs. Heavyplate—"He chaises silver." Mrs. Parvenoo—"So does mine, but he never seems to be able to catch it."—Syracuse Post.

Jack Ford—"I say, old man, is there anything between you and that little Loughton girl?" Reggy West-end—"Only a little matter of \$100,000 I haven't got."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

"How is your wife?" "Um, her head has been troubling her a good deal this year." "Sick headache?" "Not exactly. She keeps wanting a new hat every four weeks."—H. Carriere dei Bagni.

Doctor (shaking his head)—"Well, my dear sir, I can do nothing more for you." Patient—"W-h-a-t! Good gracious, doctor!" Doctor—"No; really, my friend, you are in perfect health."—Der Schalk.

"What is his profession?" said one girl. "He's a capitalist," replied the other. "He looks like an artist." "Oh, he is. He makes the capital letters that begin the magazine articles."—Washington Star.

The Musical Scale in Flats: Gentleman—(looking into the apartments of a musical composer)—"Excuse me, does Mr. Secretary Meyer live here?" Musician—"No; he lives an octave higher."—Neur Schreib-Kalender.

Bibban Frocks—"This cake is awful nice, mamma." (Silence.) "This cake is awful nice, mamma." "Well, what of it?" "Oh, nothing; only when the new minister says it you always ask him to have more."—Boston Courier.

"There, my love," said the young husband as he placed a large bundle on the table, "I've bought you a pair of sleeves." "Oh, you darling," exclaimed the delighted wife, "I'm so happy! Anything will do for a dress."—New York Press.

Hall—"How did you get rid of that railroad stock? I didn't think anyone would touch it, considering the condition of the road." Hall—"Well, I found a party who wasn't posted." Hall—"Who was he?" Hall—"One of the directors."—Brooklyn Life.

Maud—"I understand that Jack proposed to you last night and you refused him." Mirrie—"Yes; although, poor fellow, I am afraid that if he had not left me so hurriedly I might have relented and accepted him." Maud—"So he told me."—New York Herald.



## MODEL STATE FOR ROADS

A NETWORK OF MAGNIFICENT HIGHWAYS IN NEW JERSEY.

The Legislation Which Has Accomplished This—The Commonwealth Aids the Local Authorities.

EDWARD BURROUGHS, the New Jersey State Commissioner of Public Roads, said, recently, that some additional legislation will be attempted in the interest of good roads, and that in the future good roads will be an important factor in politics.

New Jersey was the first State, the Commissioner says, to enact laws for a permanent system of roadways, in which the State came to the aid of municipalities by a State fund to assist in building good roads. Sixteen other States have within the last three years attempted to aid in the building of good roads, but New Jersey alone has laws that can be carried into practical use.

Five or six years ago New Jersey had a patchwork road system, as Essex, Union and Passaic Counties had special road laws and the other 435 townships in the State had different systems of working roads, and often five or six systems in each township. The first law passed to amend the system of road working in the State was to enable townships to issue bonds to macadamize or telford roads. The next law abolished the old system of overseers, whose control of the working of the roads was absolute, and placed such power back in the hands of the people. These two laws give into the hands of the inhabitants of the townships the working, care and control of all the roads in such townships.

The first year's State aid to roads amounted to \$20,000; second, \$75,000; third, \$70,000, and this year the same sum. Under the State aid act, the owners of the lands along the roads improved pay ten per cent. of the cost, the State 33 per cent., and the county the balance, 56 per cent., which, under the decisions of the courts, the Board of Freeholders of the county in which the roads are built shall raise by county tax or bonds.

These three laws are the basis of all good roads legislation of New Jersey, and these have worked all the improved roads in the rural districts. Mr. Burroughs said that the roads on the South Sea Islands are as good as any in the world, and are worthy models for other people to follow.

The cost of building roads has been greatly reduced within three years, as the width of the country roadways first laid was not less than sixteen feet, now twelve feet wide, stoned ten to twelve inches depth. Another style of road for heavy travel is only ten feet wide, stoned ten to twelve inches in depth, with grass wings on the sides. Such a roadway has been in use three years, and is in good order, even where loads of five tons are transported over it. On roads where there is no heavy travel the width may be only eight feet, stoned ten to twelve inches, with wings two feet on each side, stoned six inches. It has been ascertained that the cost of a telford road is no more than a macadam, though at first contractors charged from ten to twelve cents more per square yard for telford.

In Camden County, in 1893, it cost \$1.15 to lay a square yard of twelve-inch stone road, but in 1894 the cost of the same was only seventy-nine cents. For six-inch stone roads, in Camden County, in 1893, it was eighty cents; in 1894, forty-two cents, and in Gloucester County thirty-nine cents a square yard. This reduction in the cost would make it possible to have stone roads in many sections where before they could not be had. Yet, in justice to some portions of the State, Mr. Burroughs thinks the present laws should be amended so as to allow hard materials, other than stone to be employed in road improvement. He also believes that in the future, say fifteen or twenty years, National assistance will be given as well as State.—New York Times.

### WISE WORDS.

Faith always implies the disbelief of a lesser fact, in favor of the greater.

A person is always startled when he hears himself called old for the first time.

There are several things worse than disappointment in love; rheumatism is one.

Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way, and the fools know it.

Little minds rejoice over the errors of men of genius as the owl rejoices at an eclipse.

People get wisdom by experience. A man never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh.

Life is a circus in which everyone takes the part of the clown some time during his sojourn.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

Everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.

### How Long Is the Brooklyn Bridge?

From Park Row, New York, to Sands street, Brooklyn, the bridge is 1,599 feet long, or about one mile and a seventh; with the extensions the bridge is 1,537 feet, or nearly a mile and a quarter long. The river span is 1,524 feet, and on the Brooklyn side 971 feet, while the land spans of the bridge are each 930 feet long.

The people pay more for love than for any other necessary evil on earth.

### 'Tis Strange But True.

We read of strange happenings and results sometimes, like that of a man who was caught by a revolving wheel and so thrashed against floor and ceiling his body turned blue from the bruises. A doctor writes of a man who fell from a ladder and was covered with bruises. He, the doctor, applied St. Jacobs Oil; in the morning, he says, all the blue spots had disappeared. There is another way of feeling blue, all over, and that is after the endurance of pains and aches for a long time without relief. Use the great remedy for pain at once; it will cure and change the color of your woes.

There are said to have been five suicides in five years in Divinity Hall, Cambridge.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from two drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 100.

The New York Cent at ran a train 439 miles in 425 minutes, the best long distance run on record.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Constitution free. Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

An electric locomotive was built in 1851 and exhibited at the Mechanics Fair in Boston.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 35 cts. 50 cts. \$1.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Average cost of locomotives is \$20,000.

A Cure That Cures is the kind most people desire. Such a cure is Kilmer's Tablets, but not a cure for everything. They are for all liver and stomach disorders and one tablet gives relief.

Sleeping cars average a cost of 15,000 each.

I can recommend Pico's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. E. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, 1894.

### Necklace for a Whale.

A large whale washed ashore on the coast of Labrador on Aug. 17 had a long anchor chain wrapped three times around his body. The anchor, which was still attached to the chain, weighed nearly a half ton.



### KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

FN 51

PHYLLACCA BERRY TREATMENT for Fat and Anorexia. Our London office is at 10, St. James's Street, W. and is well worth visiting. Treatments are given and only one known. Address: PHYLLACCA & TAYLOR, Pharmacists, 101, Ave. St. Paul, London, E.C. Business Established in 1835.

WALL ST. NEWS LETTER of value sent free to readers of this paper. Charles A. Mulvihill & Co., 50 Wall St., N. Y.

Cannas cure every skin. 25c a day made easily. Address: Antioch, Canada, U.S. Howard, Pa.

PICTURE FOR... Best Cough Syrup, Throat Lozenges, in town. Sold by druggists.

## KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM.

MONROE, IOWA, Nov. 25, 1894.

DEAR SIR, MR. KENNEDY:—In '84 I began taking your Discovery for Chronic Rheumatism; suffering so much pain till I used to call some one to sit on my limbs to deaden the pain. I had doctors for six years. No use. I then began with your Medical Discovery. The first bottle went to every joint and gave me pain. My husband said, "Keep on, till you see it spring the joints." So two and one-half bottles cured me so that I was able to walk two miles. Had not done it for six or seven years. I have kept it in the house ever since. I opened the 23d bottle today, for I take it instead of doctoring. I have never had a doctor since I have taken your Discovery. I am a widow 74 years of age, and a well woman.

Yours truly, MRS. ELIZABETH HILLS.

### SCROFULA

LLOYD, TEXAS, Oct. 5th, 1894.

DONALD KENNEDY, ROXBURY, MASS, KIND FRIEND:—I will now give you the particulars about my little girl. She was five years old the 2nd of last May. When she was less than a year old a kernel came under her right jaw on her neck. I asked the best doctor what to do, and he told me to grease it with old bacon grease, and it might rise and run which it did, and I tried everything, but it kept running for nearly two years. I came to Texas, and was at Aubrey, Texas, where I saw the present postmaster at Aubrey. I noticed his face had a bad scar, and I asked him the cause and how he got it cured. He said Scrofula was the cause and Kennedy's Medical Discovery cured it and if I would get some for my little girl it would surely cure her. I got one bottle and she was soon better. I picked white lumps out of her neck as big as peas, and almost as hard as a bone, and after being mashed up they looked like burnt bone crumbled up. In less than a week the swelling was gone, and had quit running. She is still taking it, but apparently she is as well as ever, and as gay as any child.

Yours truly, S. L. JACKSON.

### CATARRH

CHICAGO, Oct. 15, 1894.

DONALD KENNEDY, DEAR SIR:—I know the worth of your Discovery, for three years ago, before I was married, I had the Catarrh in my head and throat very bad, and my mother, who always gave it to all of us, made me take three bottles, for which I am thankful to God, for it cured me and many others that we have recommended it to. MRS. ELLEN SHELLEY, 217 39th St., Chicago.

### FOR MOTHERS.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1894.

DR. KENNEDY, DEAR SIR:—I have taken your Medical Discovery all through my Pregnancy, and our boy, now three months old is, and has been, in perfect health, while we have three other children, all of whom had eczema and sore mouths. Our attending physician speaks very highly of your Discovery. Yours sincerely, MRS. G. W. HAMMOND.

### DROPSY.

HAUGHVILLE, IND., Nov. 21, 1894.

DONALD KENNEDY, DEAR SIR:—Your Medical Discovery has made a wonderful cure in a case of Dropsy of my neighbor, after four or five good doctors told him he could not get well. But your Discovery fixed him all right. Yours truly, SAMUEL NUGENT.

### MALARIA.

ST. XAVIER, MONT., Nov. 12, 1894.

DR. KENNEDY, DEAR SIR:—I must inform you of the good effects of your famous Medical Discovery. One lady who was much afflicted with a constant Malarial Trouble declared herself relieved in a few days, and was entirely cured in a few weeks, and this is only one of many.

Yours gratefully, SISTER M. MAGDALEN.

### KIDNEY TROUBLE.

NEW YORK CITY, May 9th, 1894.

DONALD KENNEDY, DEAR SIR:—In using your Medical Discovery I find it good for the general system and especially for the Kidney Trouble. And the reason I can speak for it is this: After coming from South America, in 1880, I was troubled with my back, which the doctors claimed was Kidney Disease. After using many different medicines—and I might just as well have drunk cold tea—I bought two bottles of Kennedy's Medical Discovery, and took it according to directions as given in your book, and my kidneys have not troubled me since. Yours with thanks, CHAR. W. ALLEN, 26 East Fourth Street.

PRICE, \$1.50 PER BOTTLE, LASTING IN REGULAR DOSES, ONE MONTH.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT LOCAL STORES AND BY EVERY WHOLESALE DRUGGIST IN THE U. S.

MANUFACTURED BY DONALD KENNEDY, ROXBURY, MASS.

SEND POSTAL CARD FOR BOOK.

### "What a Wreck!"

At a dinner-party at Bowood, Canon Bowles, then past sixty, was introduced to an elderly lady, with whom he sat chatting pleasantly about things of the day. Bowles was perfectly oblivious that this was the very lady to whom he had been engaged to be married when he had very little income besides his curacy. The lady, of course, was perfectly well aware that she was talking to her quondam lover; but her married name had in no way enlightened him as to her personality. After a time she said, having touched upon old days: "But, Mr. Bowles, don't you remember me?" "No, ma'am, I don't." Then she added, smiling: "You used to know me and pretend to be very fond of me. I was Miss ——" "Oh, what a wreck!" was the spontaneous exclamation of the poet. Happily the lady enjoyed the joke immensely, for she was a remarkably handsome woman for her age, and his burst of surprise was really only a compliment to the extreme beauty of her youth.



She is rather good looking But lacks sense! She dissolves

### A • Ripans • Tabule

On her tongue Instead of Swallowing it whole. It does its work Either way. But the last is the way intended, Nevertheless.

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### Treat Your Stomach Well;

It's the driving wheel of the human machinery. Good wholesome food is what the stomach wants—nothing else.

A suggestion for tomorrow's breakfast.

### Hecker's BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Ready for the table at a moment's notice.

LIGHT, DAINY, DELICIOUS.

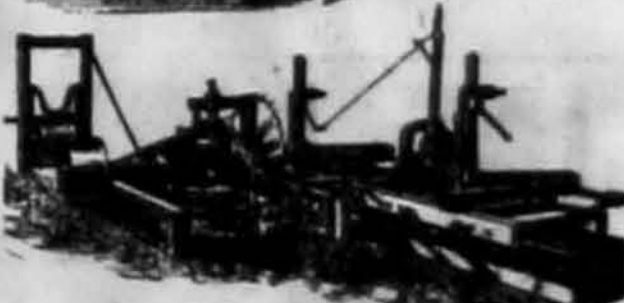
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### Be on Guard

against imitations of *Pearline*. When they are not dangerous, they are worthless. They are usually both. *Pearline* does what nothing else can. It saves labor in washing, and insures safety to what is washed. It is cheap, thorough and reliable. Nothing else will "do as well;" it is just as well to have nothing else.



### Beware

Peddlers and cheap unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as" *Pearline*. IT'S FALSE—*Pearline* is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of *Pearline*, do the honest thing—send it back.

"Cleanliness is Nae Pride. Dirt's Nae Honesty." Common Sense Dictates the Use of

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## THE BULLET.

A roll film camera that hits the mark every time.  
It's a repeating one, shoots 10 times and can be  
Reloaded in Daylight.

The Bullet is fitted with our new automatic  
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Prescriptions carefully compounded  
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ment.

We invite everybody and promise  
close prices and polite attention.  
At E. A. Smith & Son's Old  
Stand.

## FEED, LIVERY

—AND—

## SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-  
Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR  
STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade  
are invited to call. Young horses brok-  
er to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,  
Marlinton W. Va.

## FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the  
Peabody Insurance Co.,  
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869.

Cash Capital \$100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL,  
MARLINTON W. VA.

## BLACKSMITHING

AND

## Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction  
of Main Street and Dusty Ave-  
nue, opposite the postoffice.

## MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.  
Terms.

per day . . . 1.00  
per meal . . . 25  
lodging . . . 25

Good accommodations for horses  
at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or  
month.

C. A. YEAGER. Proprietor.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains  
unpaid, must make preparations to  
settle on my next call or give me  
property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,

H. K. BURNS,

Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,  
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

All the grandsons of Charles Dick-  
son bear the name of Charles.

## In Poor Health

means so much more than  
you imagine—serious and  
fatal diseases result from  
trifling ailments neglected.  
Don't play with Nature's  
greatest gift—health.

## Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling  
out of sorts, weak  
and generally ex-  
hausted, nervous,  
have no appetite  
and can't work,  
begin at once tak-  
ing the most reli-  
able strengthening  
medicine, which is  
Brown's Iron Bit-  
ters. A few bot-  
tles cure—benefit  
comes from the  
very first dose—it  
won't stain your  
teeth, and it's  
pleasant to take.

## It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver  
Neuralgia, Troubles,  
Constipation, Bad Blood  
Malaria, Nervous ailments  
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red  
lines on the wrapper. All others are sub-  
stitutes. On receipt of two ac. stamps we  
will send set of Ten Beautiful World's  
Fair Views and book—free.  
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

## J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

## Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE—

The only store in the county mak-  
ing Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to  
eat, and lay in your season's  
supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good  
and you will price goods to  
your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters  
are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give  
the public the means of buying  
everything in the grocery  
line. Orders from a dis-  
tance given special  
attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

## J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

## Harness and Saddlery

## Store and Shop,

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed  
in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COL-  
LARS, HARDWARE, and  
TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

## THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

is fitted out with a complete stock  
of latest and best designs, and  
coffins can be furnished on short-  
est notice.

Successors of G. F. Crum-  
mett, who is employed by the firm.

PATTERSON SIMMONS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer and Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

A BILL has been passed by Con-  
gress to prohibit express companies  
from carrying lottery tickets.  
Thus the central government strikes  
at an evil by indirect means.

Dilley's Mill.

March 5, 1895.

According to the old Dutch rule,  
the three ruling days, March 1, 2,  
and 3, we will have very fair  
weather the next three months, and  
we gladly welcome spring-time, for  
sure we have had a very hard win-  
ter. We hope farmers will be able  
to feed through with their stock,  
and all survive the cold blizzards  
they had to pass through.

The overseer with hands have  
been shoveling snow out of the  
road from Mr. Dilley's to Mr.  
Grimes'. In some places the snow  
was drifted higher than the fences.

Rev. C. Fultz preached at Mt.  
Zion the 3d inst, the last time for  
this Conference year. Text: Exo-  
dus, 33:14. "My presence shall go  
with thee, and I will give thee  
rest." The Conference of the M.  
E. church convenes at Roncverte,  
March 14th.

Some of the boys started for the  
Hunter Camp the 28th for the  
drive.

"Love Hill" Debating Society is  
still on the progressive move. We  
would like to see some of the ladies  
in attendance. It is a sad mistake  
or an old-fogyish idea, existing  
among the the uneducated that la-  
dies should not attend such meet-  
ings. Their presence adds much  
to the refinement of any society.

Mr. Johnny McGraw past here  
last week on his way to Hunter's  
camp. He reports nothing going  
on at Davis, a hundred men lying  
idle on account of the snow. He  
says the snow was over four feet  
deep.

Miss Daisy Yeager was a caller  
at Mr. W. H. Dilley first of this  
week.

Mr. R. C. Shrader made a flying  
trip to Academy last week.

ANONYMOUS.

Driftwood.

March 5, 1895.

We welcome the approaching  
spring, after many, many, cold  
weeks.

Feed is very scarce; but as yet  
none have had to resort to tall tim-  
othy, stock all doing well.

The prospect is good for a sing-  
ing school, which is badly needed.

Miss Sallie McLaughlin, is vi-  
siting her sister Mrs. Mary Tallman  
this week.

Mrs. Alice McClure and Mrs.  
Lucy Beverage, returned home  
yesterday after spending a few days  
with Mrs. Tacy, who is danger-  
ously ill, at her home on Back Moun-  
tain.

Dr. J. M. Barnett was called re-  
cently to this neighborhood to ren-  
der medical aid.

The sick are all improving. Mrs  
Issac Shinabery was visiting her  
son Wm. last week.

We were disappointed Sunday as  
the river was too deep for Rev. Pot-  
ter to fill his appointment.

Died: Russie Edith, infant child  
of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilfong,  
aged three months.

Sleep on little one, God thought it  
best, so he called thee to rest.

TILDEN.

Lightning Hot Drops—

What a Funny Name!

Very True, but it Kills All Pain.

Sold Everywhere. Every Day—

Without Relief, There is No Pain!

## Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 13th,  
1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia stu-  
dents.

Boarding, washing, and lodging,  
\$2.25 to \$2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information  
apply to

J. D. SWEENEY, Principal,  
CONCORD CHURCH,  
MERCER CO., W. VA.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3 1/2 mile-  
from Marlinton on Greenbrier Riv-  
er, this County. This farm is well  
adapted to farming or grazing.  
About 80 acres improved and  
about 270 acres unimproved; a  
greater part of this is finely timber-  
ed with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and  
terms reasonable. A good bargain  
offered. For further particulars  
call on or address URIAH BIRD,  
Marlinton, W. Va.

What is

# CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants  
and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor  
other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute  
for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil.  
It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by  
Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays  
feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd,  
cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves  
teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency.  
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach  
and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Cas-  
toria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

## Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for chil-  
dren. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its  
good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osmond,  
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of  
which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not  
far distant when mothers will consider the real  
interest of their children, and use Castoria in-  
stead of the various quack nostrums which are  
destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium,  
morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful  
agents down their throats, thereby sending  
them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchin,  
Conway, Ark.

## Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that  
I recommend it as superior to any prescription  
known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D.,  
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's depart-  
ment have spoken highly of their experi-  
ence in their outside practice with Castoria,  
and although we only have among our  
medical supplies what is known as regular  
products, yet we are free to confess that the  
merits of Castoria has won us to look with  
favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,  
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

## Waverley Bicycles.

Are the Highest of All  
High Grades

Warranted Superior to  
Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regard-  
less of Price, or the Name of the Maker.



Read the following opinion of one of the most prom-  
inent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of  
these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scorchers and Belle came  
to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us  
the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to  
tell us this wheel retails for \$85? We must say that it  
is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever  
seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it  
weighs only 23 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold  
this year and last (and you know that is a right good  
number), we have never had a single frame nor fork  
broken, either from accident or defect, and that is  
High Frame, Wood Rim, more than we can say of any other wheel, however  
Detachable Tire, Scorch-high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate  
er, weight 23 lbs. . \$85. ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.  
Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCEUR & CO.

Steel Rims, Waverley  
Clincher, Detachable  
Tires, weighs 25 lbs \$85

Regular Frame, same  
weights . . . \$85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same  
weights and Tires . \$75

26-inch Diamond, Wood  
Rims, weight 21 lbs . \$74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business  
awaits the right man. Get our  
Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

## LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES  
Colic,  
Cramps,  
Diarrhoea,  
Flux,  
Cholera  
Morbus,  
Nausea,  
Changes of  
Water, etc.

HEALS  
Cuts,  
Burns,  
Bruises,  
Scratches,  
Bites of  
Animals and  
Bugs, etc.  
Tastes Good.  
Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.  
HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

## The Confederate Veteran

and the

Pocahontas Times, \$1.65.



# POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 34.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN seems to have lived when times were hard and endeavored to give the people some comforting and encouraging advice. He said, "The taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on us by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing any abatement. If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as getting. The Indians have not made Spain rich because her outgoes are greater than her incomes. Away then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families." Let us find out who this Benjamin Franklin was, and if it turns out that he knew what he was talking about, the writer would respectfully offer this advice: Since our Congressmen have done so little by their financial efforts to relieve our people of their pecuniary burdens and troubles, this should be the very reason why every one should endeavor more diligently to relieve himself in the way suggested by Franklin.

SENATOR MORRIS, of the school-book bill, has been honored by having a sketch of his life and portrait printed in a good many daily papers outside of West Virginia. For some inexplicable reason the West Virginia press does not make much of Mr. Morris and his great self-sacrifice last session. The sketches give him great credit for not accepting bribes from the book companies, as if the rule was for Senators to be corrupted. He deserves no especial credit for adhering to the law and doing his duty. We were annoyed by several marked copies of these daily papers last week, for we looked to find something interesting, and when we saw the picture of a rather ugly man and a sketch of his life, a man who maddled the question he worked to elucidate, we felt disappointed, and the article fell as flat as some of those school-books will be to a boy on a hot summer day. We feel that we shall not be able to open any more marked copies, for fear we shall have a repetition of Morris of school-book fame.

THE Nicaragua Canal project, which is being considered so seriously nowadays, is destined to be completed. In that event, the Valley of the Mississippi will be the country most benefitted, and the coal lands of West Virginia will become very valuable. The Mississippi River is in a direct line with this canal and the western coastline of South America. It opens a road to California, Asia, and Australia. At many of the ports of the Pacific ocean coal sells for as much as twenty dollars a ton. All exports from the agricultural and mining districts will have an outlet to other markets, where they are now limited to the European trade. The completion of this canal means better times for the farmers and miners of the United States, and more money to every family of our country.

Worth, the dreamer, is dead.

## POETRY.

For the Pocahontas Times.  
**A Rough Game.**

By nature, you see, I'm athletic,  
I go in for gymnastics by choice, [did  
When a tough little kid about all that I  
Was to kick up my heels and rejoice.  
When in charge by the village professor  
I remained at the foot in distress,  
But I'd beat 'em all holler and whip the  
head scholar  
When enjoying the daily recess.  
I grew into manhood by stages,  
I hadn't a mark on my hide, [them all  
Till I tackled football and I thought of  
Twas the roughest sport I had tried.  
As I strove for the sphere so elusive  
They came at me tooth and toe nail,  
When I got in a bunch they all gave me  
And left me behind on the trail. [a punch  
They strewed me around the horizon,  
They flattened me out on the ground  
They left me for dead with a bump on  
my head,  
With the fragments all scattered around  
The doctor has said I'll recover, [lame,  
And I may, though I'm feeling right  
But I've promised my mother and one  
lady other  
I'll never indulge in the game.

THE aristocracy of Europe has long looked upon the great and growing republic of America with feelings of grave apprehension. If our government is to be a success it will prove conclusively, by an object lesson, that a crowned head and an aristocracy are not absolutely essential to a civilized government. Therefore, they have sought to cripple us by a most insidious practice. They select some of their beautiful, but otherwise worthless, young scions of haughty houses, and send them over here to marry our heiresses, and carry them and their gold across the ocean. We need legislation to regulate this. But lately Miss Anna Gould went forth with the savings of many life times, and there are more heiresses to follow. Those who pursue this method of crippling our country forget one thing, however. That to accomplish their purpose they must take away brains as well as boodle; something they have not done as yet.

THE month of February of this year was the coldest February persons now living have ever seen. The weather records during this remarkable month have been compiled by Observer Ryker, of the Weather Bureau station at Lynchburg. It shows that the mean temperature for the whole month was 29.3 degrees, or nearly three degrees below the freezing point. The mean temperature for February for the twenty-four years since the weather station was established there has been forty degrees. That means that the month of February just ended was, to speak by averages, more than twenty-five per cent. colder than the regulation February. The lowest average temperature for any preceding February in twenty-four years was 32 degrees in 1885, just ten years ago. The highest average was 47 degrees in 1790.

COL. R. S. TURK, of Staunton, Va., was here several days last week, making an effort to close up the affairs of the defunct Mutual Annuity Company. The company holds mortgages on several properties at this place.—THE St. Lawrence mill is now sawing logs into lumber at the rate of 100,000 feet per day, and some days exceeding this average.—CHAS. W. BEIRNE, of Lewisburg, was appointed cadet at the Annapolis naval school by ex-Congressman Alderson just before the expiration of Congress.—*Ronocerte News.*

THE Valley Virginian of Clifton Forge was sold for less than one thousand dollars recently. It will in the future be a Republican paper. It was at one time considered one of the most valuable papers in Virginia, was sold for \$10,000 at one time.

## Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.  
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McLintic.  
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.  
Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns.  
Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.  
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.  
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.  
Commissioners Co Court, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.  
County Surveyor, George Baxter.  
Coroner, George P. Moore.  
Justices, A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, 31-17; H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. J. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lebelia.

## THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October. County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

## LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,  
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC  
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.,  
LAWYER,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

## PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,  
DENTIST,  
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,  
RESIDENT DENTIST,  
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,  
HAS LOCATED AT  
FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

## The Washington Post AND THE Pocahontas Times,

ARE OFFERED TO SUBSCRIBERS AT THE CLUBBING RATE  
OF \$1.30 FOR BOTH.

We cannot let the opportunity pass without offering our subscribers this famous independent weekly for 30 cents additional to the price you are paying for your county paper. This gives you a large city paper and your home paper at anomalous sum. This offer is to subscribers who are strictly paid up in advance.

## Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF  
WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets, Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

## Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

S. W. HOLT.

## Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

## GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS,  
REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON

POCKET

HEALTH

{ West End }  
of Bridge.

P. GOLDEN,  
Marlinton, W. Va.

## Important to You—

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone spavin, curb, polio, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bone troubles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases.

Address,  
T. J. WILLIAMS,  
Top of Alleghany, W. Va.

## Fearless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to  
R. M. BEARD,  
Academy, W. Va. 1894



A scheme for supplying London with sea water for sanitary purposes is under consideration by the county council.

Germany is considering whether it would not be better for her to buy part of her cotton supply elsewhere than the United States.

Gymnastics are a healthy and dangerous sport. At least it appears so from the last annual report of a society of Swiss "turners." During the year, 324 of its 6299 members met with accidents while engaged in gymnastic exercises—being hurt seriously enough to draw a sick benefit from the society during an average time of 161 days.

One effect, noted by the New York Ledger, of emigration to the West and hard times everywhere is the falling off in the value of farm lands. People in the central part of New York State say that many holdings can now be had for half of what they were rated at five or six years ago. These farms are neither abandoned nor played out, nor has any marked decrease in population occurred about them, but the farmers have the Western fever and want more room, or they are anxious to get into town and work at trades.

A New York electrotyping firm is said to have hit upon the idea of electrotyping articles of apparel which it is desired to preserve as mementoes. A baby's first shoes, for example, may be preserved indefinitely in metal. "We might give other instances," comments the Chicago Herald, "but, although we should be sorry to discourage the firm, so far as our own experience goes mementoes do not generally take the form of wearing apparel. Such things as Tommy's first trousers and Johnny's first 'top' hat would scarcely make good souvenirs."

Nearly all legal papers are now typewritten, though documents are encountered now and then which have been laboriously written out by the hand of one of the counsel. The men who still cling to the habit of writing their own legal papers are usually old lawyers, often of good practice, who cannot accommodate themselves to the new order of things. Young lawyers, notwithstanding smaller practice, manage in one way or other to obtain the services of a stenographer. Some of the older men find it practically impossible to work with a stenographer or typewriter at hand.

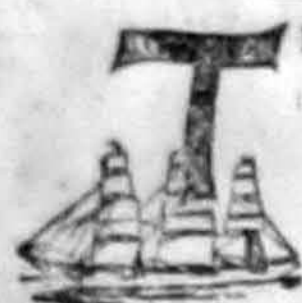
The famous codfish which hangs from the base of the dome in the Massachusetts Statehouse, and inside the old room in which the Representatives used to meet, will be absent from the chamber in the new extension which they are soon to occupy. Just why this emblem, which has always attracted the notice of visitors and sometimes moved them to ridicule, should be ignored in the transfer of movables from one room to the other is not explained, and it is even said that the codfish is doomed to figure in a museum, presumably historical. The following account of its origin is given: "In 1866 Charles W. Palfrey, editor of the Salem Register, and a member of the House for several years, undertook to gather all the facts that could be learned about the placing of the figure in the chamber. After extensive researches, he found much concerning the fish, which, luckily, had been preserved. On Wednesday, March 17, 1784, John Rowe, a member from Boston, moved permission to hang the codfish in the house as a memorial to the importance of the codfishery to the welfare of the State. The motion prevailed, and shortly after the emblem was placed in position, and there it has remained undisturbed through all the vicissitudes of the years which have intervened. Once it was repainted, but it has never been taken down from the iron peg by which it is held in position. Mr. Rowe, who presented the figure to the Commonwealth, was a well-known citizen of Boston and a conspicuous patriot, being associated with Samuel Adams, James Otis, John Hancock, and other leaders of the period. He was interested in commerce and an extensive property owner along the water front, Rowe's Wharf and contiguous territory being among his possessions. He died on February 17, 1807."

#### THE WINTER GIRL.

When winter comes with its icy blasts,  
And the north-wind chill with its snowy snow,  
In my room as dear I watch you, dear,  
As your dainty footsteps come and go,  
My fur-clad Winter Girl.  
Though the maid of spring may be divine,  
And the autumn maiden fair,  
And the summer girl with flaxen curl  
With you they'll never compare,  
My fur-clad Winter Girl.  
When the world is sad in the winter days,  
The earth is white and the sky is gray,  
And I am blue; it rests with you  
To make us all feel glad and gay,  
My fur-clad Winter Girl.  
So, here's to the health of the Winter Girl!  
Though the maids of warmer times are fair,  
With frockies and fan, there's none that can  
With you, O Winter Girl, compare,  
My fur-clad Winter Girl.

—Truth.

#### DICK'S PROMISE.



THE handful of men picketed under Jagai had been taken by surprise, and the regiment, which was raw, was badly mauled.

Not until noon were the Paythans forced under, and a straggling remnant of "black imps" fled like an ink cloud toward the hills. As the dark stain merged into distance, the search for the living among the dead began.

The sun licked with a tongue of fire the bullet-ridden field, and from throats dry as ovens cries and groans went up on the fetid air, which festered the flesh of gaping wounds, while the men sweltered helplessly beneath the flaming sky. The continual movement of the litters among the stricken ones went on until evening, when the deep dug trenches were thickly packed, and the tent-cloth of the temporary hospital bulged with the forms of the wounded.

Mourning and fevered mutterings mingled with the breaths of the sleepers as the captain opened his eyes and spoke, for the first time coherently since he had been borne from the field. The man bending over him detected life's last flicker in the burning eyes and stooped lower to catch the feeble murmur. Between these two men existed a mighty friendship. Even in the Sandhurst days they had been nicknamed "David and Jonathan," and the joint sobriquet had followed them to the barrack-room and into camp. Now one of them was dying, and didn't know it!

"I'm only chipped," panted the captain. "That confounded knife sliced me from the shoulder down to the breastbone. Praps they'll give me sick leave; and while you're skimming about the country, Dick, I shall be petted at home—and Marion—Marion—"

His speech became inaudible and he fumbled about his breast among the bandages. At last, from the ripped lining of the coat, he brought to view a faded photograph. "You've never seen her, Dick," he whispered. "I've even been jealous of her picture. But—you may look at her now, old man."

Thrust under the other's gaze was the likeness of a woman with deep eyes and a tender, smiling mouth.

"That's my girl," said the sick man proudly. "You used to wonder why I raved so over one woman. Can you now? Nine years she's waited, Dick, for a man with only a captain's pay and vague expectations."

"As faithful as she is beautiful," sighed Dick, looking at his comrade, and wondering how long this spirit of vitality would last. Then an involuntary pity for the patient girl in England rushed into his eyes as the first gray tint shadowed the tortured face before him. "Philip, dear old chum," he said chokingly, "what message shall I take her?"

The captain stared up stupidly.

"Don't look at me—like that, Dick! I—Don't let me die!"

The soldier who had feared nothing when under fire now prayed feebly for his life, and in the brief subsequent delirium shrieked piteously about the horrors of death. When Dick's hands, as tender as a woman's, touched him, the dying man kissed them and called his friend "Marion." At nightfall reason glimmered again for an instant; it was the final spark.

"Nine years she's waited, Dick, and this is the end. Don't let her be lonely, Dick. I could trust her with you—you'll take my place, if you can—promise, if you can."

Dick groaned. "Yes." There was no woman's memory to prevent the pledge, and in that moment of parting he would have granted anything.

Captain Edmond, of the Forty-third Light Infantry, shifted his glance to the window and back again to the small, spare figure in front him.

So this was Marion!  
His second contemplation was a long one, and detailed her from head to foot, and he questioned silently if this woman and the photograph treasured so reverently against his breast were one and the same. The hair he had mentally painted golden was in reality colorless, and the pictured eyes that had suggested a fathomless blue were regarding him now with a pale, lusterless gaze, resembling droned-forget-me-nots. He noted the incipient lines about her tired face, and the lack of freshness about her smile, as if that, too, had perished. Only her voice and her black dress had any link to the vividly-imagined "Marion." He had been prepared for a somber frock, and her tones were as soft and sweet as he had fancied.

"I'm very glad to know you," she was saying. "Tell me all you can about—about it. The official announcement was the only news I had."

Dick pulled himself together, and, with much gentleness, recounted the scene at Jagai, speaking of Philip's death as a painless one.

She detected the kindly lie, as well as the tears in his voice, and impulsively held out her hand to him. It looked like a snowflake on the bronze of his, and in the emotion of the moment he bent his lips to it, at the same time conscious of a disappointment gnawing at his senses. Dick was distinctly human and it was with a revulsion of feeling that he recalled the death-cry of his Jonathan and his own promise. It was easy then to pledge himself to lift the loneliness of the beautiful, bereaved girl, but its fulfillment with this calm, faded woman seemed a thing so different.

"Let us be friends for the sake of our dead," she said, as he left her, and he winced.

A few days later Dick was with her again, conscious-stricken. After that second visit he assigned a regular day for what he considered his duty. He was quartered at Portsmouth, and one afternoon a week he sacrificed in the little green-shuttered villa facing the sea. He knew that she looked for his coming, because she had told him so, but the yoke of his promise continued to weigh heavily.

"Why don't you leave this off?" he asked one day, touching her black gown. "It's more than a year ago, you know, and I think you would brighten with brighter surroundings."

They were sitting on a patch of lawn, and the searching sunlight revealed all the weariness of her face.

"Do you think so—really?" she said, with earnestness. "I have so many pretty frocks upstairs, but—oh, I tell you something? You won't laugh at me?"

She had never lost her sympathy until this moment, when, leaning toward him, she confided something of her past.

And it was so awful cherishing a love with folded hands, doing nothing day in and day out but pray and wait, and wait and pray, for my lover, that to make the dreariness seem less I got my trousseau ready. When the idea first struck me I worked with feverish haste, but, little by little, the stitches were made more slowly to fit it with the gap that yawned in front of me. Even then the marriage things were finished too soon, for nothing happened until—"

The pattered allusion, following the revelation of a life fretted threadbare of hope, softened him toward her as he had never felt before. In a dim way he realized the pathetic patience of this woman, who had mutely allowed her prettiness to slip from her grasp whilst drifting down the river of years, which had borne her from the shore of youth to the dead level of despair. The ravages of time upon her face stirred his deepest pity, and with an impulse he did not pause to question, Dick asked Marion to yield her life into his keeping.

They were engaged. No words of love had passed between them, but their compact was tense with sincerity. Dick found a newly awakened interest in the face that now smiled without effort. There was a restfulness in her glance when it met his which stilled any lurking regret that may have existed, and gradually he looked forward to his marriage with Marion with a certain degree of contentment.

"When is it to be?" he asked toward the end of the year, and was startled at his spasm of relief when she answered indefinitely. Juggling with his conscience, Dick explained the feeling to himself as a reluctance to "settle down yet"—anything but a shrinking from the final step of his promise!

It was nearing Christmas, and Marion was sticking holly about the house; a spray of scarlet berries gleamed warmly against her dress, which was no longer black, and Dick thought her almost pretty as she laughed down at him from the height of a daisy of steps.

"So my little sister will be home for the wedding after all," she was telling him. "She'll make such a lovely bridesmaid, Dick!"

"Is she a nice little girl?" he asked, absently.

"A darling! She's leaving school for good now, so you'll see lots of her. She has the bluest of eyes, and—another holly sprig for just here, please; thanks—and the brightest of hair you ever saw! Once I—I was like her, Dick."

"I know," he murmured; "I mean I have a photograph of yours which—"

"It must be a very old one!" she interpolated, hastily. He had withdrawn something from his breast pocket, and she peered over his shoulder. "Why do you keep that like-new, Dick? It was taken long, long ago, and the contrast is horrible!" A vague unrest had settled on her face, and the brightness had gone from her voice as she continued hoarsely: "Do you think that—that if Philip had come back to me he would have seen the difference, and regretted everything?"

Her gaze hung upon Dick yearningly, and he, feeling convinced of his dead friend's loyalty, allayed her fears with fervor. And she was satisfied, believing his assurances to be but an echo of his own sentiments.

A week later "the little sister" arrived from her Paris school, fresh as a newly fledged butterfly.

"So you are to be my brother!" she said, smiling up at Dick. "Hadin't you better kiss me?"

The officers' ball of the season was nearly over and only a few couples were enjoying the last waltz, while others, shrinking in dim corners, were making the most of final moments.

Marion Temple stood alone by the door, scanning the dancers. She looked very tired, and the fresh white dress seemed out of keeping with her haggard weariness. Presently she turned from the brilliant room, with its glare of flags and colored lights, and passed slowly up the staircase, glancing furtively behind screens and fern bowers, which were everywhere about the corridors and landings. Once she halted, and her heart missed a beat when, through the green of a bank of plants, she caught a glimpse of yellow hair beside a patch of scarlet. "The little sister's" voice reached her faintly, but the tones of Dick were distinct. Marion stood there only a moment, then hurried away to the cloak-room, the man's words throbbing in her brain, and an insistent ache oppressing her like a nightmare.

Marion was one of those brave women with an insignificant outside, whom nobody credits with emotion. Her pain was expressionless when, afterward, she faced the girl whose joy added gall to the bitterness of disillusion.

"Hasn't it been lovely, Marion?" cried the little sister, when they were seated together in the carriage. "I have enjoyed my first ball! And all my partners danced superbly; and I don't know whether to laugh or cry with happiness."

Dick commented on Marion looking "rather tired" when he said good-night to them, and involuntarily she shrank from his touch.

"Come around to-morrow," she said, in tones slightly querulous. "I've some news for you, Dick."

When alone in her room she neither sobbed nor fell into melancholy. After changing her ball dress for a loose wrapper, she dragged out a box from a cupboard, and with quiet deliberateness, turned out its contents until the bed and all the chairs were laden with the miscellany of a trousseau. Every stitch, every shred of it was an evidence of her misery, and she fingered the things with the lingering touch of a good-bye. One frock, prettier than the others, and trimmed with little pink rosebuds, she fondled very much, and finally, in guilty haste, put it on, standing before the glass shamefaced. The candlelight flickered in her shaking hand, casting odd shadows about herself as she turned this way and that admiringly.

"So I shall never wear them after all," she moaned, when at last she folded and replaced each thing, gazing with unutterable tenderness into the depths of the box, as if into the earth-hole of her dead.

Then, for the second time, she turned the key on a hallowed hope, and so began again her desolation.

It was all over. Dick's head was buried in his arms when Marion ceased speaking, and moved to the door. The twilight shrouded them, so he couldn't see how pale was her face when he went toward her with outstretched hands and humble words of thanks.

"No; don't say any more," she pleaded. "It was my fault not to have better understood. You have been very good to me, Dick, and I'm sure that Philip is grateful."

It was Dick who sobbed, not the woman, and as they stood there, their hands clinging together, he realized what a soldier's girl can be.

Someone opened the door and announced that "tea was ready," and perhaps some of Marion's pain melted into the caress she gave "the little sister."

"We were just talking of you, darling—Dick has something to tell you."—London Answers.

When terrified, the ostrich is said to travel at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour and clears twelve to fourteen feet at a stride.

A CHANGE.  
Have you seen the full moon  
Drift behind a cloud,  
Hiding all of nature  
In a dusky shroud?  
Have you seen the light snow  
Change to sudden rain,  
And the virgin streets grow  
Black as ink again?  
Have you seen the ashes,  
When the flame is spent,  
And the cheerless hearthstone  
Grim and eloquent?  
Have you seen the ballroom  
When the dance is done  
And its tawdry splendor  
Meets the morning sun?  
Dearest, all these pictures  
Cannot half portray  
How my life has altered  
Since you've gone away?  
—Harry Romaine, in Munsey's Magazine.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A silent worker.—The yeast cake.  
"Held by the enemy"—The ulcer which we are unable to redeem.—Texas Siftings.

Every man knows in his own heart that the fools are not all dead yet.—Albany Argus.

This pig went to market,  
This one refused to roam;  
But the one that takes two seats in a car  
We wish would stay at home.  
—Inter-Ocean.

"Well, that baits all," remarked the Irish fisherman as he looked into his can in vain for a worm.—Philadelphia Life.

The only thing we can recommend to women for the management of a husband, is to feed him and trust to luck.—Athenian Globe.

Sibyl—"When Steve proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water."  
Tirpie—"Why shouldn't he? He knew he was caught."—Yankee Blade.

"Is now about the time of year  
When each friend, overboard,  
Fires off this question in your ear,  
"Where did you get that cold?"  
—New York Herald.

When a woman begins to show a dislike to being called by her pet name she may be considered as officially out of the matrimonial race.—Hudson Register.

Her brow was like the snowdrift,  
Her throat was like the swan,  
And her hat it was the largest  
He'd ever looked upon.  
—Inter-Ocean.

He—"I could believe that this was one of mother's own pies, dear." She—"Could you, really, darling?" He—"Yes; it tastes as if it had been made about ten years ago."—Inter-Ocean.

Witts—"Talk about word painting! I knew a man who is the equal of any in that line." Watts—"Done something wonderful in books, has he?" Witts—"Er—no; in signs."—Buffalo Courier.

Break! Break! Break!  
On thy cold, gray stones, oh sea,  
Thou'lt not, I'll bet, be able to get  
As broke as I soon shall be.  
—Washington Star.

Stockly—"I hear that your son went into the office to work this morning." Jobly—"He went into the office to work me. I was out, but I guess I'd have been out more if I'd been in."—Philadelphia Record.

A girl isn't going to be married soon if on a Sunday afternoon, call on her for a Sunday afternoon. When anything serious is in prospect all the men except the one who is in earnest drop off.—Athenian Globe.

No more he pulls his father's beard  
And drives him to despair;  
He much prefers a handful of  
His brother's football hair.  
—Washington Star.

"How do you like the way I wear my hair now?" asked the football player. "It's lovely," replied the girl. "If your head only had some silk sewed around it, it would be a lovely soft pillow."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you think," said the passenger on the front platform of the street car, that it hurts a horse to dock its tail?" "Yes," replied the man who handles the brake, "but not as much as it does a driver to dock his wages."—Washington Star.

Little Ned—"Don't take away the light." Mamma—"I want you to learn to go to sleep without a light." "Must I sleep in the dark?" "Yes." "Well, then, wait a minute. I guess I'll get up and say my prayers a little more carefully."—Good News.

"Are you used to serving roast beef rare?" said the lady who was endeavoring to learn whether she suited the new cook. "No, ma'am," was the loftily-spoken reply. "Up to me praiseworthy employment O've been used to serving it frequent."—Washington Star.

Jagwell—"I've made an awful mistake. I sent a messenger boy up to Miss Cashley's with a lot of flowers, thinking it was her birthday, and now I learn that her birthday is to-morrow." Wigwag—"That's all right; the messenger boy may get there in time."—Philadelphia Record.

The art of making money leads  
All other human passion.  
And mankind generally concedes  
The quite an honest fashion.  
Yet, when a man to make the same  
Has to the need arisen,  
Then justice "rumbles to his game"  
And sends him straight to prison.  
—Richmond Dispatch.